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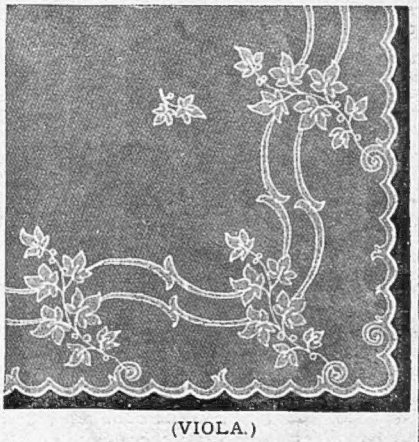

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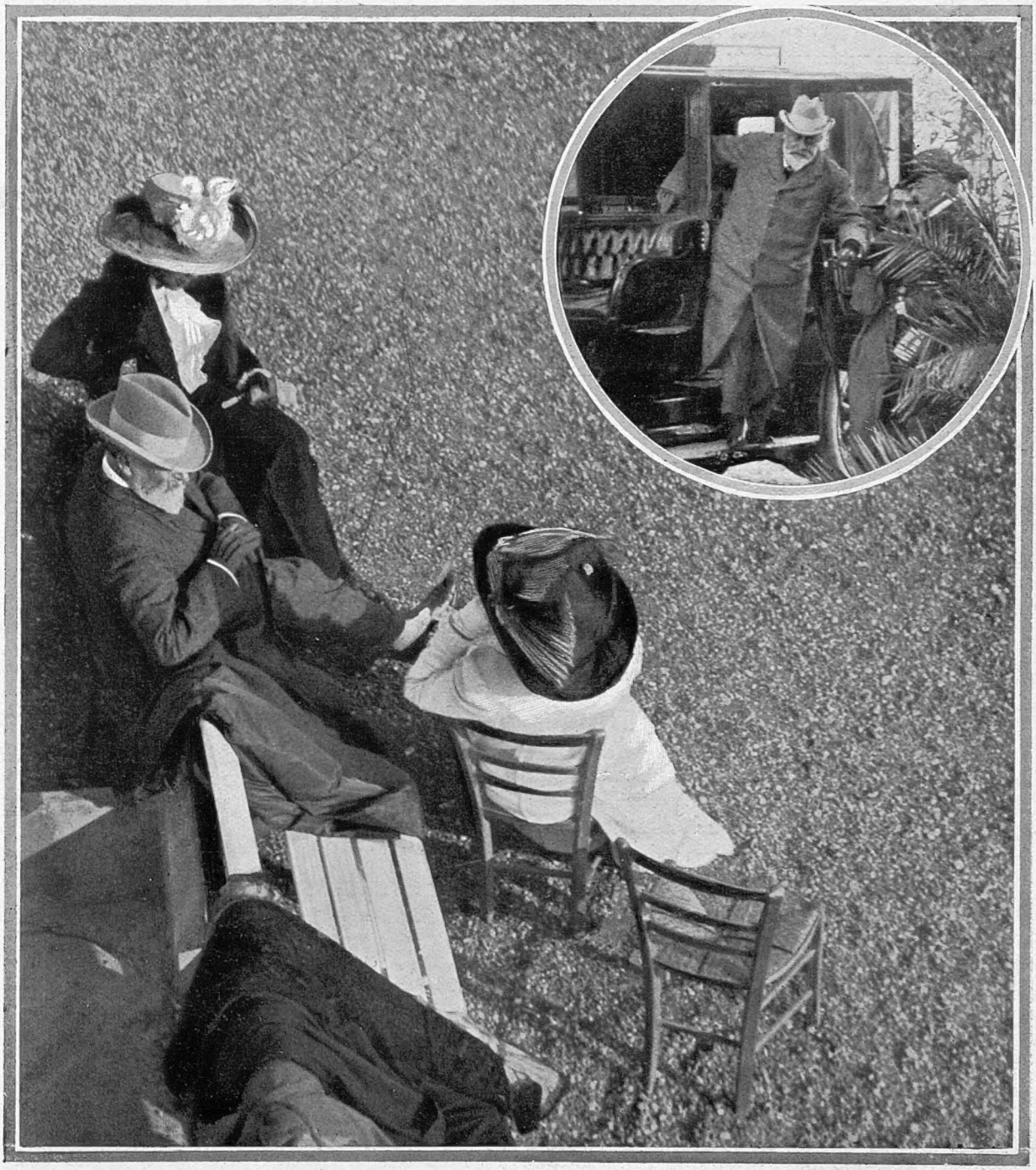

KING EDWARD ENJOYS THE BIARRITZ SUNSHINE

His Majesty is here shown chatting with friends on the beach. The smaller picture shows him arriving by car at the Biarritz Aviation Meeting

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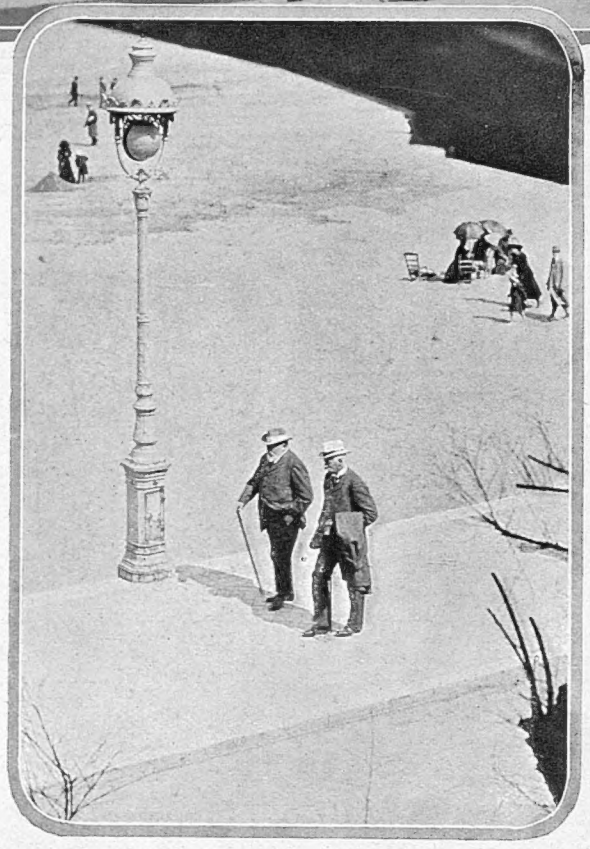
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

King Edward Greeting the Master of the Biarritz Hunt, M. Dufame

In honour of the King, there was a special meeting of the Biarritz Fox-hounds last Wednesday morning in the courtyard of the Hotel du Palais



King Edward on the Front at Biarritz

His Majesty strolls daily on the Front, and, it is pleasant to be able to record, the visitors all respect his desire for privacy

April Joys

ENGLAND, now that April's here, is quite a nice place to live in. "Better than Monte, anyway!" declares a traveller from that city of delight. "Here you do keep the Germans out of sight. There they don't, and they just swarm!" Only three things, indeed, go to mitigate the joys of spring in London—the east wind, which searches our marrows (a pseudonym for tempers); the weddings, which spell expenditure and indigestion; and the race meetings, which mean bookies, cold feet, and a light purse. As to the first named, the least said the better; as to the second, well, I hear that the verger of the most popular church has developed already his annual spring attack of complete prostration. For one day next week some fourteen "Society" weddings are announced, and during the month something like a dozen "daughters of a hundred earls" are taking the fatal plunge, while even the smallest of the smaller fry are all of the Very Best People, and they, as a "fashionable" verger recently complained, "are the very worst for standing on the seats!"

The Peers' Daughters

Some of the best known of the April brides include Lady Marjorie Coke, the pretty daughter of Lord Leicester; Lady Susan Yorke, one of the cleverest amateur actresses of the day; Miss Margaret Fraser, sister of Lord Lovat; Miss Forbes-Trefusis, eldest daughter of Lord Clinton; Miss Katherine Gough, daughter of Viscount Gough; Miss Rosalind Butler, daughter of Lord Dunboyne; Miss Margery Lawson, granddaughter of Lord Burnham; and Miss Laline Astell, daughter of Lady de Lisle and Dudley (see her portrait on page 6). An important April bridegroom is Mr. William Cecil, who will succeed his mother as Lord Amherst of Hackney, and who is to marry Miss Baggallay next Thursday.

Punchestown

Everyone attending the first Viceregal party of the season in Dublin the other day wore black. This depressing universality need not be observed next week at Punchestown, for no one from the Castle will put in an appearance at this the last, as well as practically the first, of the season's functions. Lord and Lady Iveagh are always among the foremost of Punchestown entertainers, their parties at Farmleigh—delightful combinations of lavishness and hilarity (even the practical joke is not taboo)—being the most desirable of any, and their candle-lit ballroom the most becoming in all Ireland. Lord and Lady Mayo, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Sir John and Lady Arnott, Lady Clonmell, and Lady Headfort are all among the hosts of the week. The Craven Meeting, which clashes, as usual, with Punchestown, but is purely "racy" and not in the least popular, comes next on the list, Epsom following, and then the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket.

The Social Prospect

Shortening the Season

Easter well over, it is time to begin to think about the real season which is at hand. Rightly it should begin almost immediately, but, thanks to the custom that has obtained during the past few years of going abroad in March and not returning till May, the season proper does not really start until after Whitsuntide. All this is, doubtless, very enjoyable for those who have time and money to go jaunting about the Continent, but it makes matters very bad for trade in London. It must be remembered that the season cannot be prolonged after Goodwood—that is to say, the end of July—and if it does not make a fair start until the end of May or beginning of June it suffers considerable limitations.

Photograph] Miss Laline Astell [*Rita Martin*

The daughter of Lady de Lisle and Dudley, to marry Mr. Arthur Hohler on April 9

The Inclusiveness of Society

The fact is—and it is useless to deny it—that the London season has quite changed during the last ten or fifteen years, and, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, it will never be the same. Society has become so large, and there are so many different sets and grades, that it is quite impossible to regard it, as in olden days, as one solid entity. Hostesses, with very few exceptions, are not nearly so exclusive as they were in the days when the late Lady Cadogan at Chelsea House and the late Lady Sefton at Sefton and Seaford House gave such brilliant entertainments, an invitation to which was a sign that the guest was an individual who moved in the circles of the elect. To-day the most exclusive hostesses are the Duchess of Portland, Lady Salisbury, Lady Londesborough, and Lady Farquhar. The Duchess of Sutherland, kindness itself, has an enormous list of acquaintances to whom—save perhaps on the occasion of a Royal ball or dinner—the doors of Stafford House are always open.

At Stratford House

The statement made quite recently that nobody has arisen to take the place of Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, whose entertainments at Devonshire House were world-famous, is beyond the range of contradiction. Her most probable successor as a really great hostess is her youngest daughter, Lady Derby, who is about to take up her residence at Stratford House, and who, during the season, will give a ball in honour of the début of her daughter, Lady Victoria Stanley. Society expects much from her, and the expectation will doubtless be realised.

Probable Hostesses

It may be interesting to say something about the other hostesses who are expected to entertain during the next three months. Lady Salisbury may be reckoned a certainty, for she has young daughters to watch over. Lady Northbrook may possibly give a dance for her daughter, Miss Myrtle Abercromby; and it is hoped that Lady Fitzwilliam and Lady Londesborough will repeat their triumphs of past seasons. The Duchess of Westminster will, possibly late in the season, give a ball at Grosvenor House, which will

The Prince of Denmark Hill

be for the elect only. There is a chance of the Duchess of Wellington giving a ball for Royalty at Apsley House as she did two years ago, and the Duchess of Rutland is sure to give tiny dances at her house in Arlington Street for her three daughters. Lady Iveagh did not give a ball last year, so in all probability she will do so this, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Evelyn Guinness, who lives close by in Grosvenor Place, is bound to give some kind of entertainment.

at Forbes House. She is credited with a great house-warming dance, but how accurately remains to be seen. She never has given a ball yet, but rested content with dinner-parties and receptions for the Prime Minister. The other hopes of the season are Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, who gave a very cheery dance some weeks ago at her house in Hamilton Place, Lady Manners, Lady Leucha Warner, Lady Gwendolen Guinness, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Frank Mackay, Mrs. Mark Fenwick, Lady Crossley, Lady Gosselin, and Mrs. Mackey.

Pelissier, the Notorious Tragedian, as Hamlet, the Moody Dane

Not since his effective personation of Glory Quayle in *The Christian* has Pélissier perpetrated anything so moving in its appeal as the title-rôle in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. The Young Abstainers' Union should certainly see it, and I'm not so sure that it would not encourage the Territorials. Pélissier's theory is that Hamlet was not a madman, but a dipsomaniac, and his tragic horror on seeing his father's ghost recalls the finest passages of Charles Warner's performance as Coupeau in *Drink*

"Hopes" of the Season

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will, I hear, after all, dispense regal hospitality at Dorchester House. Nobody in London gives more pleasant parties than hers. Lady Farquhar will, it goes without saying, give the dinner, followed by a ball, on Derby night for the Queen, Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria, and the King and his Jockey Club guests will come on for the latter affair from Buckingham Palace. There is considerable speculation as to the various functions expected from Lady Granard

Alas! Poor Hamlet

We have had *Elektra*, Polaire, *The Bad Girl of the Family*, Grasso's Othello, and—Pélissier's Hamlet. The last is the biggest sensation. Hamlet, we know, was "fat and scant of breath," and none too moral! But that he suffered from delirium tremens it was left to Pélissier to discover. Elsie Nore is a character that we had hitherto regarded as innocent enough, but Pélissier's reading suggests that she was not all that she might have been.

Celebrities Here and There

The Racing

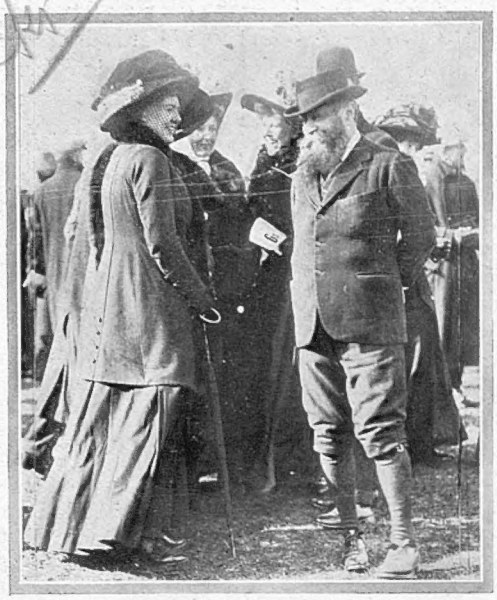
With its usual severity the spring racing season set in hard last week, when the popular "Croson" Park Meeting drew all the hunting people from all the Shires within speaking distance of Melton Mowbray, and ever since hunt race meetings and point-to-point steeplechases of a more or less informal kind have been in steady progress. On Saturday, to a big "House," the Commons take their turn "over the sticks" near Epping, and to-day the Household Brigade have their meeting at Hawthorn Hill.

The Guards' Meeting

For this very select entertainment—at which woe betide the outsider who dares to insert his foot!—the Downshires at East Hampstead Park, the Desboroughs at Taplow Court, Lord and Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Lord and Lady George Pratt, Lady Emily van der Weyer, and Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot are among those who always entertain, the two Misses Wilmot, in the most sporting masculine get-up imaginable, taking a foremost part in the proceedings. At Hawthorn Hill, by the way, may be seen in the limelight *le type* "Soldier's Lady." There is nothing of the "sphinx-without-a-secret" air about her, she simply despises all who are not in the Service, she leaves to the mere civilian such "frills" as culture, clothes, or charm; but what she does not know about horses and her "book" is not worth knowing.

A Cecil on Heredity

Alone among the many speakers who addressed the House of Commons during the famous Veto debate last week Lord Hugh Cecil caught and held his hearers, Government and Opposition alike. Like most visionary academics, Lord Hugh is always extremely nervous at the beginning, extremely eloquent at the end of a speech. He has a devastating seriousness, he displays a quite impersonal emotion, yet, under that slight *hauteur* which marks the Cecilian manner just as a slight family awkwardness of figure, his body trembles as he speaks, he gets paler and paler, the long, thin hands clasp and unclasp, he swings his arms like a flail. He is meagre, he stoops, his clothes hang carelessly upon him. His eyes are so deep set under the wide brow that it is seldom possible to discover their expression; the hidden mouth and small chin belie the promise of the prominent forehead. Certainly it is not by mere charm that the youngest of the Cecils captures the House, for he has all the air of the mediæval ascetic. He attracts by sheer force of intellect, by a power over words and phrases which he shares with Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery, and by that vast earnestness which, evade it as we will, is invariably impelling.



The Duke of Norfolk

The feudal savagery and plutocratic insolence of whose aspect will be noted, at Lady Gifford's Point-to-Point Races at Chichester

Mrs. Asquith and Sir Henry Norman at the Cannes Aviation Meeting

Sir Henry, whose affection for the Budget is only eclipsed by his late constituents' dislike for it, no doubt finds the Premier's wife ready to sympathise with all his political troubles

For Charity

I am asked by Lady John Kennedy to announce that the *tableaux vivants* in aid of the International Catholic Society for Befriending Working Girls and the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society in which she is interested take place at the Ritz Hotel to-morrow and Friday evenings. Lady Tenterden, Lady Tree, Lady Norah More, and Countess Blucher are among those taking part. A dramatic performance of *Lady Epping's Lawsuit* has also been arranged to take place at the New Royalty Theatre on April 12 to provide funds for the endowment of a cot in the East London Hospital for Children. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Clarke Jervoise at 52, Upper Brook Street, W.

The Last of the Sport in the Shires

POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS FORESHADOW THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON

South Berks Hunt Point-to-Point Races, near Beech Hill: The Last Jump in the Open Race

Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, Owner of Racecourse

Lady Cowley (in centre)

Lady Gerard and Major Bradford Atkinson

PERSONALITIES AT THE MELTON HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Lady Lettice Cholmondeley

The Members' Stand: Melton Hunt Point-to-Point Races

There was an exceptional attendance for the Melton Hunt Races on Wednesday last at Burton Nazars. There was a tremendous congregation of automobiles, and a great cavalcade of mounted people followed the races. Captain Frank Forester, the Master of the Quorn, won two races, to everybody's satisfaction. Much hospitality was dispensed at the tents, the Earl of Lonsdale being among those who kept open house

"No General Election!"

THE NEW BITTER CRY OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

"DON'T consult us! For heaven's sake don't consult us!!"

Thus, for the first time in English history, the British democracy to its rulers. The feeling against a new General Election is rapidly rising to flood-point. In January, says the British electorate, the two parties asked us to judge between them. We judged, and with a wisdom worthy of Solomon himself. The eight millions or so of electors, mostly wise, gave to Liberals and Conservatives almost identically the same number of votes, leaving Labourites and Home Rulers the balance of power. The result has been Parliamentary deadlock, and that is precisely the ideal political condition. Long may it continue! *Vive l'inanition!*

Photograph Agnes Jennings

Mr. Harold Cox

The late M.P. for Preston, now Alderman of the L.C.C.

For, out of deadlock comes—Compromise, and when the point in dispute is the future of the British Constitution, compromise is the one and only thing that is needed. The Constitution itself is a compromise. King, Lords, Commons, and people have, by centuries of practice, learned to respect each other and to keep their places. If the one has ever gone a little too far, it has speedily enough been brought into line by the dictates of common sense. To-day the House of Lords, conscious of the fact that, as a hereditary body, it has in the past exercised rather more power than was strictly politic, has agreed to reform itself and to attune itself to the spirit of the times. What more could be desired or expected?

Earl Cromer

Late Consul-General at Cairo—the "Joseph of Modern Egypt"

But the Government, knowing in its heart of hearts that to agree with its adversary quickly is the only real way to settle the dispute, turns a deaf ear to the Lords' confessions. To satisfy the clamourings of the party caucus, it must continue, willy nilly, to talk big, bold words about the "will of the people," etc., etc., while its opponents, equally bound by party exigencies, are compelled to defend the Lords in respects which they, too, in their heart of hearts, know to be open to strong criticism.

The leaders, therefore, while perfectly willing to agree with each other and to remodel the Constitution, are compelled, by party, to maintain a hollow mockery of enmity. As a result of it, the country is threatened with another General Election. Millions of money, public and private, must be spent, trade must be brought to a standstill, the peace of the countryside must be disturbed by the revival of recrimination. From the hustings must again reverberate hoarse epithets, the hoardings must again be made hideous by the faces of the *bêtes-noires* of the rival parties, the grasping landlord, the drivelling Duke, the wastrel, the starving workman, preposterous John Bull, and all the rest of them.

Against the whole prospect the middle classes cry out as one man. Under the auspices of the Centre Party Union—the new name, by the way, of the Middle Classes Defence Organisation—a protest is being rapidly carried forward. Influence is being brought to bear on Members of both parties in Parliament to agitate for a compromise which shall settle the Constitutional question on national lines, and for a concentration of Ministerial attention on the real questions before the country. For the first time in history, there is in sight something like a revolution, not against King or Lords or Commons, but against the Caucus. The heel of the party Achilles has at last been struck, and ere long he will be lain in the dust, with none to sing his praises.

There is, of course, the very natural fear that the fall of the party system will lead to chaos. But the very existence, in organic shape, of the Centre Party Union gives hope that such will not be the case. If sufficient numbers of those men in Parliament who are in favour of Compromise and No General Election enrol themselves in the Centre Party, there should speedily be called into being the nucleus of a new national Government. Already considerable progress is being made, and it is not unlikely that, before very long, we may see united under the Central flag the best men of both parties. It is only necessary for me to say, by way of conclusion, that the offices of the Centre Party Union, of which Lord Cromer, Mr. Harold Cox, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey are the prime movers, are at No. 5, King's Bench Walk. The motto of the Union is "Principles Before Party," and those who uphold that doctrine should not hesitate to attach themselves to a group which is likely, before long, to be the controlling force in the government of the kingdom.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey

Editor of the *Spectator*, and for years an advocate of the "central" idea

THREE MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL OF THE NEW CENTRE PARTY

VIVIAN CARTER.

Our Society Portraiture

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY

The wife of the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. Her serious illness in London has evoked much sympathy. Before her marriage she was a Miss Rachel Gurney. She has seven children, four boys and three girls

King Peter of Servia's Visit to the Tsar: An Historic Photograph

Photograph *Bulla-Underwood*

THE SERVIAN KING PETER I., DURING A VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG, IN THE WINTER PALACE, TOGETHER WITH HIS SUITE

SEATED *(right to left)*: Colonel Tourischitsch (Adjutant of the King), Mr. Hartwig (Russian Minister), Mr. Nikola Paschitsch (President of the Royal Council), His Majesty King Peter I., General Adjutant Maksimmovitsch, Mr. Milovanovitsch (Minister of the Exterior), Mr. D. T. Popovitsch (Ambassador in St. Petersburg)

STANDING *(right to left)*: Captain Loukitschevitch Dr. Nikolajevitsch. Major Tossipovitsch, Mr. Tankovitch (Head of the King's Chancery), Wing Adjutant Swetschin, Major Ostovitsch (Vice-Court Marshal), Dr. Spalaykovitsch (a Colleague of the Minister of the Exterior), Mr. Sementovitsch, Major Popovitsch (Chief of the Court), Mr. Schainovitsch (Secretary to the Ministry)

Events on the Continent

A King at Cannes

If it be true that the King of Sweden is happier on a lawn tennis court than anywhere else, he prescribed himself the best tonic after his recent illness when he visited the annual Beau Site Tournament at Cannes and spent the whole day in the sunshine watching matches. King Gustav motored over from Cap Martin, attended by Mr. Bostrom, his private secretary, who is, incidentally, the lawn tennis champion of Sweden. Once installed in the private tent, the King took the keenest interest in the play, showing a knowledge of its technique that proved him to be, as he certainly is, an exponent of no mean ability. His attack of appendicitis, from which he has now recovered, has kept him out of the covered court at Stockholm which he founded, but the Royal racket will again be used this spring. The Beau Site Hotel, where the twenty-first tournament has just been concluded, is to be congratulated on the success of its latest gathering, which drew a record entry.

Queen Amelie of Portugal and King Alfonso of Spain

Queen Amelie has recently been paying a short visit to her neighbours, the King and Queen of Spain

Another Little Niece for King Edward

The Crown Princess of Sweden (elder daughter of the Duke of Connaught), who recently gave birth to a daughter. She was already mother of two boys

The King of Sweden Watching the Beau Site Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes

The Swedish monarch is an excellent lawn tennis player, and his fondness for the game is proved by the fact that Stockholm owes one of the finest covered courts in the world to his enterprise. His Majesty has now returned home from the Riviera greatly improved in health

The MUSIC of the LONDON RESTAURANT

A Parisian's Protest

THE evergreen and much-debated question, "Is England a Musical Country?" can now be answered in the affirmative. More than concerts, restaurants have worked for the musical education of the English people. As a matter of fact, they are rather over-doing it at the present moment; there are very few places in London where one can enjoy a meal quietly without being pursued by the lilting refrains of musical comedy or even by the more complicated strains of opera. Restaurant managers should not suffer from such a strong sense of duty; they should not try to educate the public at the same time as they are feeding them. It is indiscreet.

Eating to music has charms, but it has also disadvantages and drawbacks. It is delightful to hear Tziganes playing strange, languorous czardas and soft waltzes in the night restaurants of Paris or at the Biarritz Casino on a warm summer evening. But the music one hears in a London grill-room is as obtrusive as it is inappropriate. In most places the conductor of the band, anxious to cater for the bad taste of the majority of his patrons, adds to the usual small orchestra a non-descript harmonium, which produces terrifying noises, and they play the sort of pieces called "Fantaisie On," an opera with the greatest possible volume of sound and an appalling sentimentality, which makes the tomatoes weep and the bacon shiver on the grill. It is a horrible nightmare; your best story is suddenly stopped by deafening chords out of the Overture to *Tannhaüser*; the epigram you had carefully prepared is drowned by that from *William Tell*; you cannot go on eating—you have to listen breathlessly, in spite of yourself, and everybody in the room puts on a gloomy and earnest expression, which must be most tiring for the muscles of the face, and reminds one of the Albert Hall at its worst; the atmosphere seems hotter and more stuffy; your roast beef grows cold; your cold mutton becomes slowly tepid; your ice melts silently, and even the waiters refrain from making a noise in drawing the cork of your soda-water bottle. When at last it is over, a strange thing happens. Some lunatics at large clap their forks and knives against their plates, while a few specially perverse individuals shout "Encore!" with amazing conviction; the conductor bows and smiles, conscious of having disturbed once again the meals of some hundreds of customers. Perhaps, since three times a day he sees so many people eating, he never feels hungry himself, and the ruination of their dishes—however cheap—becomes his only interest in life. But I am sure he realises, as I do, that to applaud music in a grill-room is as incongruous as to take a steak and fried potatoes to Covent Garden or the Queen's Hall.

Orpheus robs the young lions of their appetite: An allegory suggested by the accompanying article

It is the people who do not care either for music or for cooking who are specially keen on music in restaurants; they never find it too loud, and they do not understand how inadequate it is to eat whitebait to the sound of Gounod's "Ave Maria," or devilled kidneys with "Love Me and the World is Mine." Their senses are not educated to that pitch. But the more refined suffer dreadfully; they cannot appreciate either the music or the food.

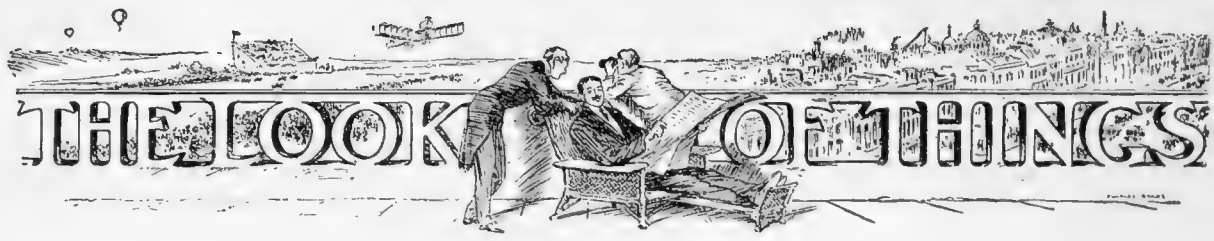
There are four possible combinations of music and food—bad food and bad music, in which there is some satisfaction as in every attained perfection; bad food and good music, and good food and bad music, which are simply unpleasant; good food and good music, which proves a most horrible failure since one could have enjoyed both separately and cannot enjoy either together, because their respective qualities annihilate one another. In any case, as the celebrated *gourmet*, Brillat-Savarin, put it, "*on ne s'entend pas manger.*"

Music in a restaurant ought to be part of the furniture, of the decoration of the room, of the scheme of colour; it ought simply to add to the atmosphere of the place, like the flowers on the tables; the sounds of instruments ought to form a harmonious background for clever conversation, to mix delicately with the smoke of cigarettes and the perfume of wines. At least, to use a theatrical simile, music should be "incidental," emphasising the most exciting episodes of the dinner. Alas! the members of the orchestra insist on playing a more prominent rôle. They are very conceited persons, who think themselves more indispensable than waiters, because they make more noise and wear their hair longer. But surely one does not go to a restaurant to hear music, although in the London of to-day it seems practically impossible to escape from it. So we must resign ourselves to our fate.

If we cannot have either soft, languid, tzigane music (which is really the only suitable kind to accompany eating), or light music nonchalantly played, let us hope that the restaurant conductors will choose more appropriate works to be performed from 1 to 3, from 7 to 9, and from 10.30 to 12.15. It would be easy to find perfect pieces for the musical illustration of certain dishes. I should suggest Debussy's "Poissons d'Or" for fillet of soles, the "Forest Scene," out of *Siegfried*, for jugged hare, a selection from *Carmen* for *pommes Otero*, the "Salome Dance" for *tête de veau*, and the final scene of *Gotterdammerung* for mixed grill. A *pêche Melba* should be eaten to an air from that singer's own repertoire, and Camembert cheese to the accompaniment of the "Ride of the Valkyries." For any kind of butcher's meat, the "Sacrificial Procession" from Strauss's *Elektra* strikes just the right note.

"The members of the orchestra . . . are very conceited persons, who think themselves more indispensable than waiters, because they make more noise and wear their hair longer"

Here is an idea for an enterprising and artistic manager. For the present, music in restaurants is only useful to people who have no conversation. But to those it proves invaluable; with an opening remark on the weather, two or three comments on the pieces performed, and the obvious short digression on the House of Lords, they can sit through their dinner without appreciable mental fatigue. X. M. Boulestin



FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SPECIALISTS seem on the increase. The Etna affair produced a gentleman called a "Volcanologist." An American. One can just hear him as a small boy, when his father asked him what he would like to be, saying, "I guess, Pop, I'll be a volcanologist."

* * *

THE business of such an one is to take note of the smoke and measure the lava flow, and then say if the eruption is going to be bad. If he says it is, and people persist in stopping on under it, then it is their fault if they get buried.

* * *

"I TOLD them so," says the volcanologist to their executors.

* * *

IF a volcano has its specialists, why should not a Prime Minister? What a boon an Asquithologist would be at the present moment. "Nasty eruption coming!" he would state. Or, "No danger—chiefly smoke."

* * *

ONE of the Parties' Political Agents—I forget which—has urged that candidates should have their election literature on hand, ready for any moment's call. I cannot myself think there is likely to be any real call for more election literature.

* * *

OF course, it is useful in the country. Townspeople cannot realise it, but one of the greatest needs of the agricultural labourer is paper to light his fire with. The last elections stocked him for the year.

* * *

I DON'T think he wants any more fire-lighters till next winter. I fancy, therefore, that if political pamphlets flow in the same volume at the next elections as they did at the last they will be used chiefly for intensive cultivation. Candidates might think of this and send out something that will amalgamate easily with the soil and grow cabbages well.

No Affair of His

"I noticed, Mr. Lloyd, that you were the only person who did not weep during Mr. Evans's beautiful prayer"

"You forget, Mrs. Davies, that I belong to another parish"

By Starr Johns

SOME German, I see, has invented a new war-machine, which consists of "a small armoured automobile which can rapidly be converted into a motor-boat." It is not easy to see why one should want an automobile to turn into a motor-boat, but I suppose if it fell into a river the change would be helpful.

* * *

IT would be useful, too, if a policeman wanted to take one's address for exceeding the speed-limit. Scorching round the nearest corner the motorist would instantly turn his machine inside out, and the constable pursuing would find nothing on the road but a boat. The owner would explain that he was trying to get it to the nearest pond in order to test it. "Hadn't seen a road-hog go by? No. Could the constable lend him a hand with shoving the boat to the pond?" A very useful German invention.

* * *

ACCORDING to the *Mail*, the Tsaritsa is now so much recovered from her recent malady "that she has invited the Baroness Slackelberg to sing duets with her." It is true that when one is ill one cannot stand some people's singing, but is the *Mail* quite courteous to suggest this about the Baroness?

* * *

IT is reported that a Jewish theatre will be opened in London in about six months' time. Perhaps we shall then at last see something as humorous as the stage-Jew as acted at a Christian theatre. I mean of course, a stage-Christian as acted at a Jewish one.

* * *

ORIENTAL peoples are often extremely obtuse. This is, perhaps, why, in spite of our well-known English attitude in favour of the limitation of armaments, the Turks have invited three of our leading shipbuilders to construct their new Navy for them. Labour leaders should protest.

The Truth About Mr. Balfour

A PICTORIAL REVELATION OF THE OPPOSITION LEADER AS HE REALLY IS

BY THOMAS DOWNEY

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BATEMAN

"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

YOU see, the situation is such a frightfully embarrassing one. When I called at the theatre to beg for the free seat which managers usually condescend to give to mere newspaper men, the gentleman in the box-office sternly pushed over to me a ticket for the upper circle without even a conventional expression of regret. As I had taken some pains to dress carefully I could not avoid remarking that I was a little conspicuous in my evening wear. Indeed, I think one or two people were misled by my appearance into the belief that I must be a distinguished person, which was, to say the least of it, regrettable.

THE embarrassing part of the thing comes in when I find myself reluctantly having to admit that *Alias Jimmy Valentine* is far from being a perfect play. The natural conclusion of nicely disposed people will be at once that, having been treated with such scant courtesy by the management, I had decided to vent my petty spite on the new production. But after twenty years' experience of managers and their ways I am really hardened to their eccentricities. I have at times even been refused a seat at all; and I have stood at the back of the pit—or even the gallery—and have then gone home and written nicer things about the play than its merits called for, though not without a lump in my throat and the hope that the recording angel would not set my magnanimity down to congenital unrighteousness. In this particular instance I should have preferred to say nothing about the play at all, if it were not for the fact that my editor had, at great inconvenience to himself, kept this page open for me after the others had gone to press, and I always try to live up to my responsibilities. My first idea was to fill the space with reminiscences of my mis-spent youth; but readers are so fastidious nowadays, and somebody would be sure to get up and observe in deprecatory tones that there are ladies present.

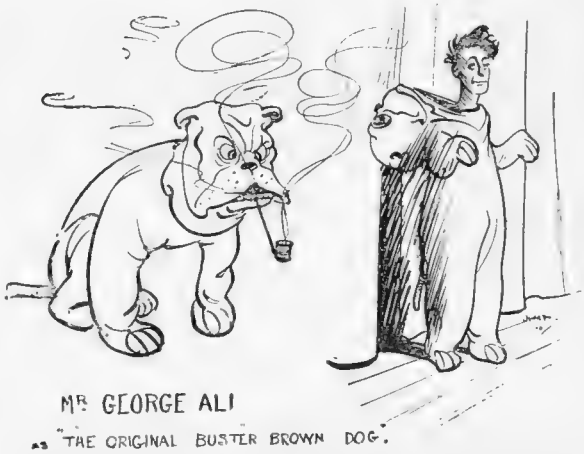
IT seems to me that this play is little more than a variation on the theme of *Arsène Lupin*, with all the romance left out. The first act shows us how convicts are treated in Sing Sing Prison in New York; and for the benefit of the guests of the "Warden" a few convicts are trotted out to give samples of their expertness in crime. One man obliges by showing how you can alter a cheque for five dollars into fifty thousand; another picks an "unpickable" lock with a hairpin, while the "Warden" remarks with clinching wit that many a man has got into trouble over a hairpin. What? Presently a demonstration is required of the method of opening a locked safe without the use of mechanical apparatus of any kind, and this introduces us to "Jimmy Valentine," whose other name is Lee Randall, another of Mr. Gerald du Maurier's successful impersonations. Jimmy protests that he cannot open the safe in question as he is an innocent man, and has not the disastrous experience in this branch of industry that the wicked police have attributed to him. Shortly afterwards he is released, and we find him looking for work. He once protected the daughter of a rich banker from harm, and the lady uses her interest to get him a place in the bank, where he subsequently rises to a position of great trust. He is leading a very "straight" life, whatever his past may have been, and it is not till the end of the play that we are able to satisfy ourselves whether he really is a criminal or not. His business at the bank includes the handling of money in such large quantities that I got quite a pain in the neck through persistently staring at a tray full of it. I do not think I have ever seen so much money in one place at one time, and I could not take my eyes from it. When it was sent back to the vaults I felt as if I were parting from a dear friend.

"JIMMY" is tracked to this bank by a detective (very cleverly represented by Mr. Guy Standing); and it is his business to bluff the detective by proving an alibi. He carefully prepares us for the trick, which, indeed, almost succeeds. He leaves the detective with an impression that a mistake has been made; that the bank manager is not "Jimmy Valentine," but Mr. Lee Randall. And then, just as the detective is retiring with apologies, an old friend and accomplice of Jimmy's in the days of his error rushes in to say that a little child has been accidentally shut up in the new safe which no one but an expert burglar can open. What is to be done? There is the detective waiting to see if he can catch "Jimmy" tripping. If Mr. Lee Randall succeeds in opening the safe he will clearly prove that he is "Jimmy Valentine," who is wanted for a long-standing offence. But does "Jimmy" hesitate in the least on that account? 1,000 times "No!" He and the former partner of his crimes adjourn to the vaults; Jimmy is blindfolded to improve the delicacy of his touch, and after a few moments of agonising suspense the safe is opened and the chee-ild is saved. Then the detective comes forward and says, "Well, there we are," or words to that effect. But at the same moment the banker's daughter, who has loved Jimmy from the very first, runs to him and falls into his arms, and the gentle detective says he will let Jimmy go because it is evident that the girl wants him most. Loud and prolonged cheering. Curtain.

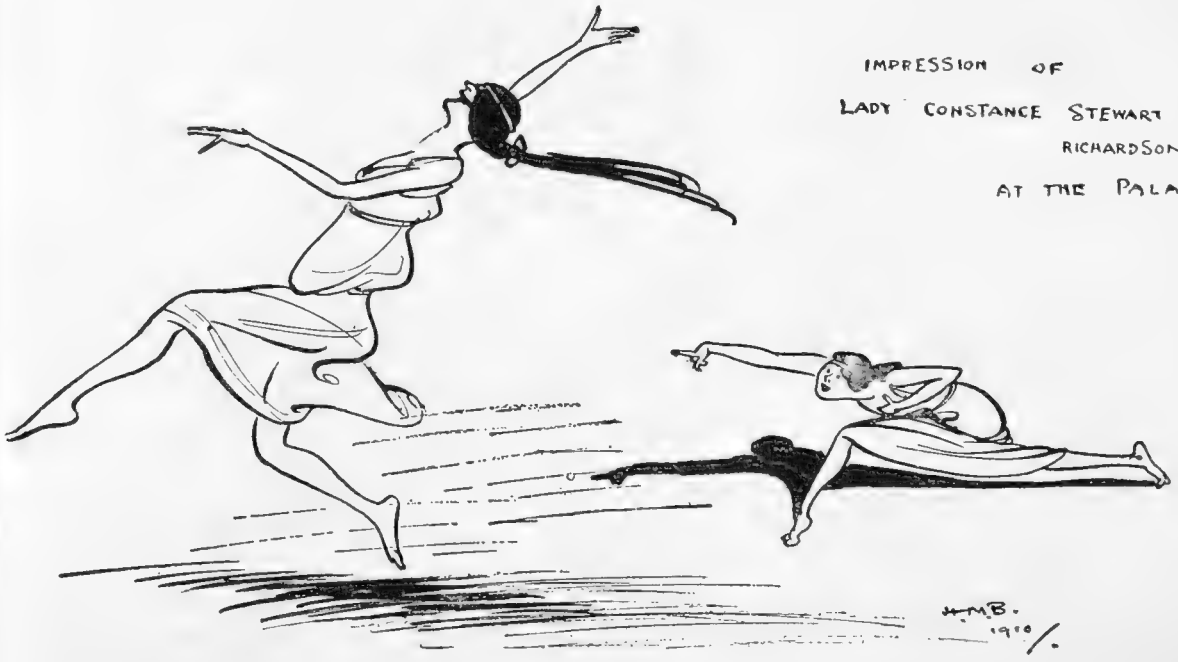
Sketches in Vaudeville Land

MISS ADA REEVE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

THE GROTESQUES. IN "THE VILLAGE CONCERT" AT THE HIPPODROME



MR GEORGE ALI AS "THE ORIGINAL BUSTER BROWN DOG." AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME



IMPRESSION OF LADY CONSTANCE STEWART RICHARDSON. AT THE PALACE

MR. H. M. BATEMAN'S IMPRESSIONS AT THE HIPPODROME AND PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES

THE SICILIANS

"OTELLO—Tragedia in 5 Atti di W. Shakespeare"

THOSE who expected the Othello of the Cavaliere Giovanni Grasso to be an invigorating performance have not been disappointed. The Cavaliere has probably a large drop of Moorish blood in his veins, and may for all we know be a distant relative of the original of the story, so that his acting is merely a case of history repeating itself. Through most of the play there was a quite unusual air of restraint about the actor's methods; but they were none the less convincing for that. During the greater part of the trial scene, for instance, he stood in the centre of the stage without moving, and this feat must have required enormous self-control for so galvanic a temperament as his. It was not till the attack of epilepsy, induced by the cunning Iago's ceaseless innuendoes, that Grasso began to let himself go; and then, of course, the occasion was too good to be missed. He flung himself on the floor and kicked like a naughty boy who has been arbitrarily forbidden to go and play with the children next door; he beat the ground with his hands and feet and sobbed convulsively, and in those few moments one lost sight of the fact that he was mourning in a strange tongue. He was speaking to us in the language that is common to us all. One fancies somehow that Grasso's Othello is the kind of person that Shakespeare must have had in mind when he was drawing the character. He looks pretty much as the Moor must have looked, and the fact of his being a foreigner (if the reminder here be not discourteous) adds a touch of romance of its own, because to many worthy English minds a foreigner is still a person with an unnatural craving for innocent blood, and therefore his treatment of poor Desdemona was only what you might have expected from a man of that kind.

Cav. Grasso—the Latest Othello

Since Salvini there has been no greater Othello. This astonishing Sicilian goes from triumph to triumph. May we hope to see him as Hamlet one day?

IN his culminating manifestation of jealousy Grasso seems to be a living embodiment of the "green-eyed monster" itself. He hisses and growls and spits like a cat that is expressing its feelings with unrestrained freedom before proceeding to make the fur fly; and when he comes on the stage with a lamp in his hand for the last scene, he blows out the light with a vigorous splutter that must be audible a quarter of a mile away. It may be that Cav. Grasso's acting in the smothering duet with Desdemona was a little disappointing to his more emotional admirers. They had probably expected him to spring at his victim with the lightning swiftness of a Sicilian Grasso-pper—(I am *so* sorry. I was afraid I should say something silly before I had finished). It is true that while he was smothering Desdemona we could see him jerking his body about as if to convey the impression that he was diligently ramming the pillow down the lady's throat; but with the exception of this characteristic touch, his performance was in no way exaggerated. The Cav Grasso's Othello is certainly the finest presentation of the character that I have ever seen. There is a true pathos in his despair and a real tenderness in his anger, even when it is most uncontrollable. If he had had the advantage of being able to present the play in English, I am confident he would have taken the town by storm, and that some large-hearted millionaire would have proposed to erect a drinking fountain to his memory, later on. (I do not know why we erect drinking fountains to the memory of great actors; but it seems usually done. Can there be a delicate suggestion that this simple gift to the world in the names of the departed is symbolical of something of priceless value, since in their particular corner of the Shades cooling drinks are at a most decided premium? Who shall say?)

THE Cav. Grasso's performance is a really noteworthy event in our dramatic annals. I observed two well-known actors making notes of the new Othello from the obscurity of their respective boxes; and as both these gentlemen are credited with an ambition to play the part themselves presently, it may be that Cav. Grasso will set a new fashion in Othellos. In another box I observed Lord Charles Beresford, who may or may not have been there to get a few hints of the manner in which the guardians of Cyprus managed their naval defences. Still, much may be learned from the mistakes of others, and one never knows. JINGLE

His Majesty's Servant, of His Majesty's Theatre

SIR HERBERT TREE, THE FOUNDER OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL

THE ABOVE FINE PORTRAIT, AUTOGRAPHED BY THE FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER, WAS DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MR. HAROLD H SMITH, IN THE DOME OF HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THE DIARY OF A DEADLOCK

HOW BROWN, M.P., SWAYED THE FORTUNES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

April 1.—Extraordinary thing happened, the two parties in the House almost equal! You see, ten member johnnies are ill, the Opposition number 329 (since some fellows jibbed on the abolition of the Dukes and deserted to the Tories), and the Government all told 331, counting Jones and myself. That is where the joke comes in; we were both elected as Independents, we aren't bound to anything; we can cross the floor at any time we choose and put the Government out! Asquith and Lloyd George in no end of a fix. Former had me to lunch privately the other day and appealed to me solemnly in the interests of patriotism to support the Government at a moment when the fate of the Empire is at stake for the next fifty years. Fancy I have heard the phrase before. Ate a good lunch though, but told him had been elected on the understanding that I pledged myself to nothing of any kind—which is just as well, as I know nothing whatever about politics, had my speeches written up for me by a journalist johnnie. As a matter of fact, I hate the whole thing; simply got myself elected to have a good time in London. Jones is just the other way; he is a painfully conscientious chap—quite one of the lower classes, in fact—reads a lot about starving people and the rights of workmen and all that sort of rot. However, if he deserted the Liberals the Speaker would vote with me and still keep the Government in by a majority of 1.

April 3.—Still going strong. Jones and I just formed an Independent party of our own and control the whole situation. Lloyd George has to consult with us before he drafts out the next Budget. I demanded reduction in the duty on cigars (I smoke a good deal), and Jones got free meals for all children under sixteen (he has seven of his own). We are dined every night by influential members; the wines seem costly—am feeling a trifle seedy. Balfour manages to meet us casually in the Lobby and suggest an arrangement. The Opposition proposes to give me a presentation of some sort; have no objection, as long as it is large enough. Jones says absolutely opposed to bribery in any form, and refuses to deviate a hair's-breadth from the course his conscience has marked out for him. I don't—that is just the difference; gave out that I was open to conviction. More dinners.

April 6.—Made a great speech this evening to a crowded House threatening the Government. Premier drew me aside afterwards quietly and offered me a Peerage. Refused on principle. House of Lords no place for a self-respecting man just now. I may be low in my tastes and wanting in character, but haven't quite come to *that*. Asked him to recollect that I was a gentleman, and told him I was determined to remain faithfully at the post of danger in the dear old House of Commons. He seemed depressed, I imagined. Heard from Jones on the way home that *he* had been offered seat in the Cabinet, but thought it would interfere with his work in the night schools.

April 10.—Got chickenpox. The Opposition bucked up tremendously; moved vote of want of confidence; but lost it by one vote. Excitement. The *Chronicle* had a leader with the title, "We Want Brown Back." The Government tried next day to rush through the second reading of the Prevention of Peers Act, to which they know I am opposed, but a Tory private member ingeniously moved the adjournment on a matter of urgent public importance and played out time. Was back in the House a few days later and gave it hot to the Prime Minister; told him if any more tricky work would have to "reconsider the whole situation" (neat term that; he trembled a good deal). Jones and I are to be summoned to assist the deliberations of the Cabinet.

May 5.—Threat of invasion by Germany; hurried preparations. First Lord of Admiralty made slashing speech on the subject of patriotism, anti-slavery, sturdy independence—the usual thing. But how are you to put up a war without the money? Jones is a Universal-Peace chap and won't hear of Dreadnoughts, whereas *I* wouldn't much mind a German Government here—it couldn't be much worse than the ones we have been having the last few years. So I really hold the fate of Europe in the hollow of my hand (shall note down that sentence for a speech some time). Approached by German Secret Service with a bribe. Refused it with contumely—not large enough.

May 20.—Received deputation from the Irish party, Labour party, and Independent Free Traders respectively to-day. Promised nothing definitely, but assured them I should do nothing hastily. Opposition made ingenious attempt to catch the Ministry out with a snap division when Jones was away in the outer lobby and I was taking a bath. The Premier in a private interview offered me Colonial Governorship, military command in Nigeria, post as special envoy to Kamskatka—anything, in fact, several thousand miles away. Told him I was resolved to stick to my country in its hour of need. Fancied he looked depressed. Found that Jones had had the refusal of leadership of an expedition to the South Pole, but disinclined to embarrass Shackleton. Adopted as our party motto, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

June 1.—The end has come. Lloyd George brought in new Budget of his own invention of most far-reaching character, abolishing all increments, earned or unearned, disestablishing the House of Lords, and raising the income-tax to 15*s.* in the £. Could not stand this, especially as he had not asked our opinion. Jones and I crossed the floor of the House amid frantic excitement and Opposition cheers. Balfour beside himself, F. E. Smith grasped me by the hand (had always cut both of us until to-day), Wyndham dusted a seat for Jones. Immediate vote of want of confidence. The Government minority 1! They resigned on the spot. Uproar! Jones and I asked to complimentary dinner by the Front Opposition bench. A great day!

HILL ROWAN

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The Rush on Russian Artists: I.

Russian Mimodrame at the Tivoli

London has recently had every opportunity of appraising the artistic talent of Russia. We have had Russian dancers, choirs, and orchestras. There is now a Russian Mimodrame at the Tivoli, and portraits will be found on the following pages of other Russian celebrities about to visit London

The gay young Subaltern (M. Antone Pascual) flirts with the General's wife (Mlle. Margaretta Carolee)

The General (M. Ernest Goslar) interrupts them and insists on a duel, which is fought in Polish fashion

The General is killed, and the Lieutenant conceals the body, which is ultimately discovered by the wife. Finale—double suicide

The Rush on R

The Pirouettings

A RUSSIAN PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE

Mlle. Anna Pavlova, the prima ballerina assoluta of the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, is Russia's greatest dancer. Her recent appearance in Berlin was a triumph. She is now visiting New York, a city with a keen appreciation of good dancing, and has appeared at the New and Metropolitan Theatres with enormous success.

ssian Artists: II.

of Anna Pavlova

SHORTLY TO VISIT LONDON

The Tsar's sanction had to be obtained before Mlle. Pavlova was allowed to go abroad. All Russians in London and every admirer of beautiful dancing, as distinct from the decadent variety, will be delighted to hear that she is shortly to appear in London. Above are published three portraits of the famous star in characteristic poses

The Rush on Russian Artists: III.

MEPHISTOPHILESKI

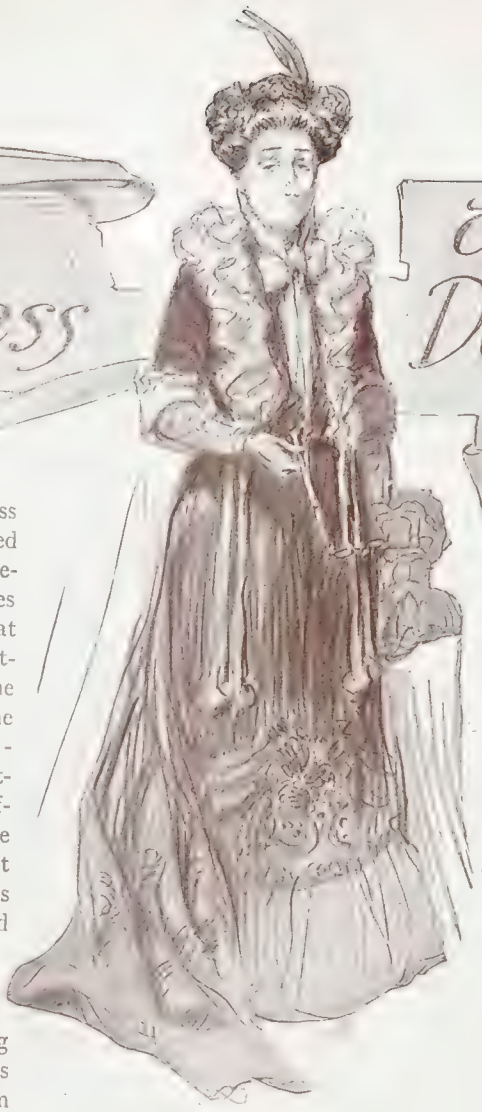
How a Russian Plays The Devil.

M. CHALIAPIN

One of Russia's most famous actors, who has made the rôle of Mephistopheles a speciality of his. He is depicted on this page playing the Devil in various guises. London is shortly to receive a visit from this accomplished Russian tragedian

The Duchess Who Decamped

By Archibald Sullivan



HER Grace the Duchess of Bayswater scanned her morning correspondence between little nibbles of hot buttered toast. The neat silver formality of the breakfast-tray glowed and shone on the red satin coverlet, while the morning sun played hide-and-seek through the empty toast-rack. Envelopes and half-read letters lay about like a flock of restless birds that fluttered into new positions whenever her Grace moved massively among the pillows. Outside the window London went past, full of the early rush and hurry of the spring morning, but inside all was polite restraint and that dim artificial quietness which is so necessary to the women of Society. For a few moments her Grace rolled ponderously from side to side like a liner in mid-ocean, clutched convulsively beneath the satin quilt, and drew out a small fragment of toast.

"At last!" she sighed, straightening her night wig with acquired deftness. "I can stand not being asked out to dinner, because that's a necessary social evil, but toast wedged in near the small of my back I will not put up with!"

She dropped the offending fragment into her plate with a little "ting" of sound. The sun was slowly travelling over the satin coverlet in great golden bars, and one finally reached her Grace's hand, and broke into many-coloured fires among the glitter of her rings. She looked at it absently for a moment, and having flicked away a few stray crumbs with her napkin, proceeded with her letters.

"Dear Augusta," she read aloud, screwing her eyes up a little and elevating her eyebrows, "I really feel that since Cyril is going to marry that American person, I can ask you to a decent dinner at last. Up till now I have never dared to engage a decent *chef*, because I never knew how his salary would be paid. But now things are looking brighter. Please be nice to the American person, because she presented me with a cheque yesterday, and you are dining off it in reality. Thursday at eight.—Your sister, MARION."

Her Grace lay back among the pillows and emitted a vast lingering sigh.

"Society," she said to nobody in particular, "is a small section of titled English paupers completely surrounded by Americans. Of course, Marion may do as she likes, but personally I'd sooner eat dog-biscuits I'd bought myself than be sustained by any American person, whether she'd been trapped into matrimony by the family or not."

The crisp sound of envelopes being torn asunder proceeded. Some were received with a smile, and others with a particular kind of snort that her Grace reserved specially for begging letters and the clamouring cries of charity.

"I'm sure I don't know where it's all going to end," she went on. "People seem to think that because one has the misfortune to be born a Duchess, one is going to lay foundation-stones like a Plymouth Rock, and declare free hospitals open that are really most desperately expensive. I'd sooner open an oyster with a hair-pin than a bazaar."

Her Grace of Bayswater had always an infallible way of bestowing her favours in regard to charity. It consisted of simply closing her eyes and grabbing the first cry for help or plea for patronage that came beneath her fingers. There was a certain amount of mild excitement about it, as her Grace explained, because she never exactly knew whether the charity thus selected dragged her to Mayfair or Upper Tooting. But to the selection she always remained true.

She closed her eyes on this special spring morning prior to the little ceremony with a certain feeling of reluctance. What she really would have liked to do would be something utterly different. She sighed again, closed her eyes, and grabbed into the paper chaos on the coverlet. Then she shook the letter open as if it were a half-drowned kitten, and read its contents carefully and religiously through.

"Another bazaar," she moaned; "I believe people get them up on purpose to annoy me. At present in my possession I have ninety photograph frames, a hundred ash-trays, fourteen fire-screens, and enough tea-cosies and iron-holders to start a new country

(All rights strictly reserved)

called the Flannel Islands. Things for bazaars are nothing more than a desperate attack of needlework nightmare, from which the whole country seems to suffer at this time of year."

She referred to the letter again, holding it out at arm's length and twisting the envelope furiously with her other hand. It was a politely worded request that her Grace of Bayswater would open a bazaar in connection with the Merton Mothers' Monday Mornings, to be held at Merton on the 19th instant. As far as could be ascertained, the Merton Mothers banded themselves together each Monday morning and sewed, stitched, and scolloped petticoats and such things for their less fortunate sisters. Of course, the Merton Mothers had no claim on her Grace but the claim of charity. They admitted that. Admitted it in a pitiful little gasping postscript at the end of the letter, and finished everything with a verse from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Her Grace smiled at the postscript, and sniffed at the text.

"My figure is really too large for me to be a perpetual sacrifice on the altar of duty," she said dolefully. "One ought to be able to hire an understudy for this sort of thing. Actresses have them, and why not duchesses? I'm sure our morals are about on a par, and all our complexions come from the same shop in Bond Street. I don't see why——"

She stopped abruptly, one hand uplifted, and her eyebrows drawn together in an intricate knot of thought. Slowly the other hand passed over the crimson coverlet and closed round a little silver bell on a side table by the bed.

Its thin, clear voice trilled out into the silence of the room. The door opened and closed on somebody large and sedate-looking—someone rather like her Grace of Bayswater.

"Your Grace rang?" she said in a soft, soothing voice. The Duchess looked at her critically.

"Parker," she said at last, after a moment's hesitation, "there's another bazaar. This time it's the Merton Mothers' Monday Mornings, and I don't feel equal to it. I'm simply bazaared to death."

Parker leant over her mistress, twitched away the breakfast-tray with one hand and rearranged the tumbled pillows with the other. She put the Duchess to rights in a large, wholesale way, as though she were putting in order a landscape garden or international exhibition.

"Your Grace might plead other engagements, or a sudden illness."

"Parker," said the Duchess sternly, "have I ever gone back on my word? Did I refuse to give away the prizes at the Swedish Baby Show, or ignore the cry of Balham when it wanted me to open the free baths?"

Parker shook her head, and the Duchess smiled with a certain degree of complacency.

"Whatever they say about me when I'm dead, they can't accuse me of laying my hand to the bazaar and looking back. Only this time I intend to do something new and original. I'm going to have a holiday. You are going to open this bazaar."

A maid—and especially a Duchess's maid—is seldom surprised. A continual existence in that holy of holies—her Grace's bedroom—had robbed Parker of even the ghost of surprise. She bowed politely.

"I am to impersonate your Grace," she said in an even voice. "The grey silk ought to fit me, and with it I would wear the pansy bonnet and the grey chiffon stole and muff."

The Duchess gurgled with pleasure. People who fell in so completely with her plans always pleased her, and she made a mental note of increasing Parker's wages at once.

"Of course, I will coach you beforehand," she said with determination, "and tell you exactly what to do and say, but by this time you ought to know almost as much about bazaars as I do. There won't be a single soul I know at Merton, and if there is, they will say I'm the most original Duchess in London. I shall come to see how you get on, Parker. That's where my holiday comes in."

Her Grace of Bayswater lay back among the pillows with a tired little sigh. Parker closed the door noiselessly, and a bar of spring sunshine crept a little higher up the gilt carving on the great bed. As her Grace of Bayswater slept—she snored.

. . . . . .

Merton had never seen a Duchess before, unless that select person had been confined between the pages of the weekly Society papers. But to-day the veil was going to be lifted. Her Grace of Bayswater was coming all the way from London on the two forty-six, and from that moment all great social things in Merton would be dated. After many heated arguments three of the Merton Mothers had been selected to greet her Grace on her arrival at the station, and to conduct her to the carriage in waiting.

Even now they were waiting—waiting with over-powdered noses and little restless movements of their feet. Mrs. Tims, as president of the society, clutched a large bouquet convulsively and fingered all her diamond brooches one after the other. Mrs. Tims was a large woman with pale eyes and a smile like a prize bulldog. Next to her stood Miss Felson, whose claims to social distinction consisted of an aunt who was Lady something or other and a string of good pearls, which fell to and fro with a panting motion on her narrow chest. She chattered spasmodically to the remaining delegate, a Mrs. Asmod-Lee, who was considered desperately fast in Merton because she had once been to a Covent Garden ball and stayed in Town over-night.

"Her Grace's train is due," said Mrs. Tims in a deep, doglike voice, waving the bouquet towards the station clock.

"Poor dear," lisped Mrs. Asmod-Lee, "her bonnet will be full of dust, and she won't look a bit like her photographs."

Miss Felson laughed satirically behind her hand, and in the distance a train shrieked as though in derision.

"That's her," stuttered Mrs. Tims, moving rapidly down the platform.

The train panted to a standstill, and a large vision in grey silk and pansy-laden bonnet climbed majestically out of a first-class carriage. A little further down a similar figure in simple black emerged from a third-class compartment.

"It's the grey one, of course," said Mrs. Tims in an agitated voice, hurrying forward and curtseying in much the same way as a hen settles on her nest. The woman in grey took the proffered bouquet with a languid air, and the woman in black watched the little ceremony with an odd smile.

(Continued on page 32)

Photographed Yet Again

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS GLADYS COOPER

Whose name is always associated with the Gaiety Theatre. She is one of the most popular and most photographed musical-comedy actresses

(Continued from page 30)

"Parker certainly plays her part to perfection," she said as she passed on to the waiting row of cabs. "Now I know exactly how I look on similar occasions."

Behind her came the Duchess in grey, with slow, ponderous footsteps. The eyes beneath the pansy bonnet twinkled brightly as they followed the Duchess in black.

"We can never thank your Grace sufficiently," Mrs. Tims was saying in a honeyed voice. "Our little band has been sorely in need of encouragement, and our bazaar is the fruit of hard work and insistent toil."

"I have always been deeply interested in the clothing question," said the Duchess in grey. "I feel we do not give enough time to two things—our petticoats and our souls. True, neither shows, but both of them are of the greatest possible importance. The loss of either is too terrible to contemplate."

Mrs. Asmod-Lee giggled in a familiar sort of way, and Mrs. Tims frowned at her over her shoulder as she helped the Duchess in grey into the carriage.

They whirled away down the narrow street towards the Town Hall, the horses splashing through the puddles of spring rain and rattling over the cobbles.

"That is my house," said Mrs. Tims with a sudden burst of pride.

"Queen Anne?" queried the Duchess in grey.

"No, mine," insisted Mrs. Tims, and for the second time Mrs. Asmod-Lee laughed slightly.

The carriage stopped abruptly, and the Duchess in grey climbed massively out. Just in front of her the Duchess in black was paying for her ticket, and shouldering her way through the crowd. It seemed but a minute till the Duchess in grey found herself on the platform. Around her were grouped the Merton Mothers, their noses shining with enthusiasm, and their tightly gloved hands clapping desperately; below her the colour-laden stalls with glaring shawls and petticoats. There were string bags and laundry bags, work bags and brush and comb bags, match scratchers with sand-paper cats and pigs, match scratchers without them, iron-holders and tea-cosies, foot-warmers and baby bottles, shawls and hat-pin holders, d'oyleys and centre-pieces, dusters and tray-cloths. From where the Duchess in black was standing she could see all these things, and as she looked she chuckled.

"It does me good," she said to herself, "to see someone else caught up in this whirlpool of atrocities and——"

The sound of ecstatic applause had ceased, and the Duchess in grey rose from her chair and came forward. She cleared her voice and settled the strings of the pansy bonnet. The grey silk fell about her in faultless folds, and a quiet assurance pervaded her like a perfume.

"It gives me the greatest possible pleasure," she began, with a massive smile that included all the Merton Mothers, "to be here with you to-day and see the evidence of your loving, generous fingers." She waved her hand towards the stalls, and the Merton Mothers beamed in self-contented unison. "I do not know which are warmer, your hearts or the petticoats you have been making, and I have much pleasure in announcing this bazaar open."

"Really," said the Duchess in black to herself, when the applause had subsided, "Parker is a treasure. I couldn't have done better myself, but I don't think the simile about the hearts and petticoats is the sort of one a Duchess would use!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and moved away from her corner into the crowd. It was good to be free. To pass by the stalls like an ordinary mortal, and not feel in duty bound to buy the most expensive things at each; to bump into people with the familiarity of the lower classes, and to have one's dress trodden on by the vulgar herd. At other bazaars there had always been a select committee of ladies to lead her from stall to stall and make low-voiced introductions and to draw her attention to what she really ought to buy. But here it was all different, and she revelled in the informality of it all. Behind her surged the Duchess in grey, dipping methodically into a well-filled silver bag, and followed by the laden figure of Mrs. Tims, whose entire outline was obscured by tea-cosies, embroidered cushions, and yards of home-made lace. Yes, it was good to be free. To watch someone else struggling in the tenacious toils of Christian charity and caught by the barnacles of the bazaar.

The afternoon slowly waned, and with it increased the crowd and clamour in the hall. The rattle of tea-cups filled the air with a mighty anthem, and tired stallholders chatted wearily to each other about the takings of the day. But the Duchess in grey stayed on. Surely no Duchess had ever been so affable before, so condescending and so unspeakably pleasant to talk to.

The delight of the Merton Mothers knew no bounds. Other guilds and charities had obtained her Grace of Bayswater, it was true, but which one of them could boast of having kept her the entire afternoon?

The Duchess in black was weary—very weary. For a while it is amusing to give up one's regular rôle in life, but after a time one realises that the ordinary state of one's existence is by far the best, and one longs for it again as for some old and cherished friend. One thing was certain—she would wait no longer for Parker. The heavens might fall, but she would make for the quiet exclusive solitude of Park Lane as soon as possible. She shook the dust out of her skirts with a little grimace, and elbowed her way through the crowd.

"The way I feel about things is that it is better to be a hard-worked somebody at a bazaar than a trodden-on nobody," she mused, as she drove towards the station. "And, somehow, I feel that I haven't done with the Merton Mothers' Monday Mornings yet. Something more is going to happen, and I can just hear fate fitting the unpleasant parts together."

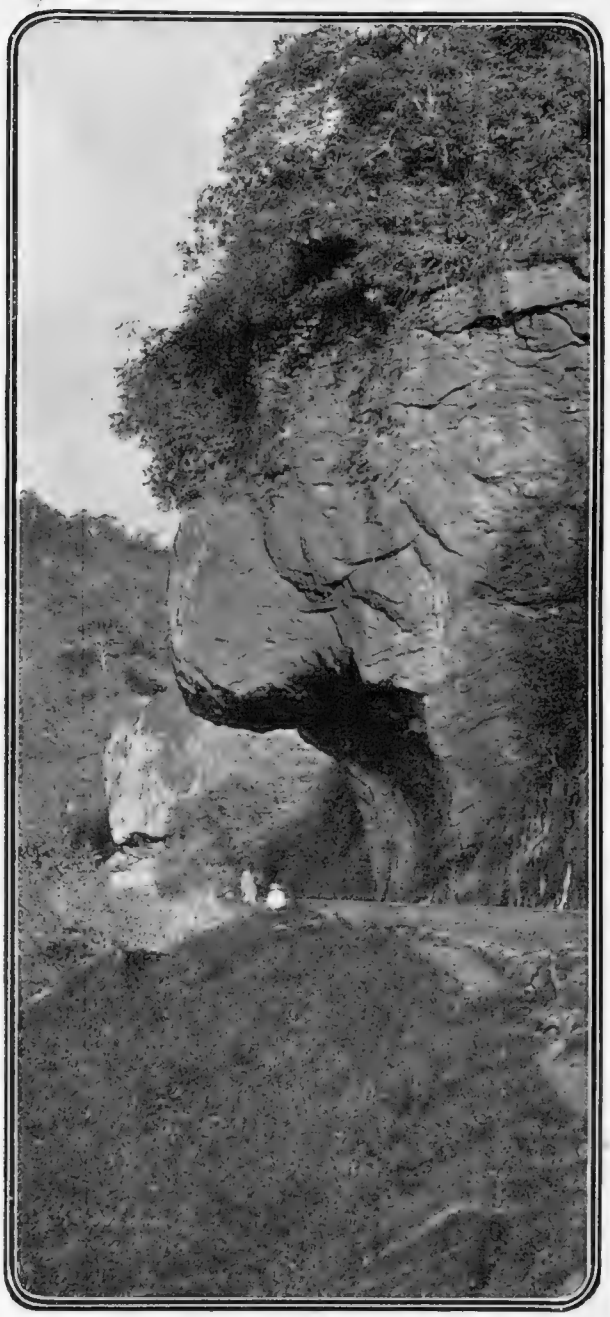
But the Duchess in grey was not moralising on fate at all. It was the chance of her lifetime, and she was determined to make the most of it.

. . . . . .

Her Grace the Duchess of Bayswater stared hard at the clock in her boudoir as it struck off ten little pert strokes of sound. As yet, Parker had not come home. Her Grace paced slowly up and down the rose-strewn carpet, listening to the passing cabs, and twitching her lorgnettes with nervous fingers. Quite apart from being angry with Parker, her Grace was worried—deeply worried. When only one person in the house knows how to put on your complexion, it's natural to worry when they seem to have vanished from the face of the earth. Half-past ten, and still no Parker.

(Continued on page 34)

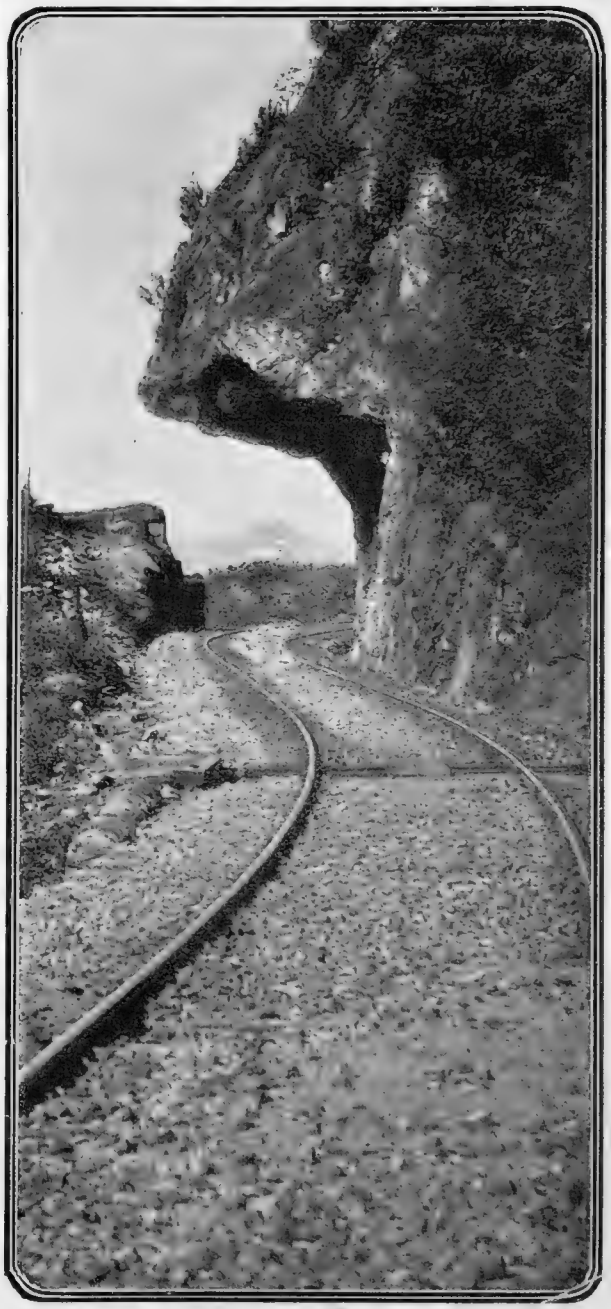
Animal Likenesses in Rocks and Roots



THE LION'S MOUTH
Nature yawns on the Ceylon Railway

THE NEW GNU
A wooden freak photographed exactly as it grew

THE ROOTY-TOOTY SNAKE
Numbers of the peasants round Lucerne have these grotesque natural root-freaks in their garden



THE BEAR'S MOUTH
A rocky gape on the Ceylon Railway between Kandy and Colombo

(*Continued from page 32*)

Her Grace kicked over a chair as she passed on her ceaseless patrol. Perhaps she had sold the entire story to the newspapers. Possibly she had confessed to the Merton Mothers, and an army of those outraged women might even now be surging up Park Lane. Of course it served her right. She knew that. Any woman who could sufficiently forget herself as to make a confident of a mere servant was a disgrace to her sex. For a Duchess it was doubly worse. Most likely there would be a scandal. A horrible scandal, with photographs and cuts from the family history. She deserved it all! Eleven o'clock, and still no Parker! Should she send to Merton? Certainly not—it would be perfect madness. Should she telegraph to the stationmaster? Utterly impossible! What in heaven's name should she do? Go to bed and tear her handkerchief like the cross old woman she was? Eleven-thirty, and still no Parker!

. . . . . .

The morning sun came slowly between the scarlet downpour of the curtains, and the Duchess woke with an angry grunt.

Another day to be gone through, and still no Parker. Three others had dragged themselves by like cripples, and for once in her fat, jolly life her Grace of Bayswater knew what it was to be supremely and utterly miserable. There had been nothing in the police court news, for her Grace had gone through the list with eager eyes day after day. The social columns told her in smartly worded sentences that she had opened the bazaar for the Merton Mothers' Monday Mornings in grey, with a pansy bonnet, looking younger than ever. That didn't please her; nothing could please her, and here was another day of suspense to be gone through. Where was Parker? The very thought made her sit up in bed and jangle the bell on the side table.

A maid came and flung back the curtains, filling the room with nine o'clock brilliance.

"Parker home yet, Benton?" asked her Grace languidly, with a simulated stretch and a beating heart.

"Not yet, your Grace."

"Her mother must be much worse," lied her Grace bravely, swallowing hard and holding out a hand for her letters. She'd get a detective at once and explain the whole affair. Anything, even exposure, was better than this day after day of suspense. Everyone would think it a huge joke, and——

Her Grace had torn open one of the letters, and slowly read aloud:

My Dear Duchess,—Of course we can never thank you sufficiently for your kindness in opening the bazaar, but we feel it deeply. It was so good of you to admire my poor pearls when you have such beautiful ones of your own. Perhaps if you have finished comparing the string I lent you with yours, you will let me have them back by Thursday. Thanking you again for your extreme kindness—Faithfully yours, Frances Felson.

Her Grace the Duchess of Bayswater looked steadily at a big patch of sunshine on the floor for quite five minutes. The maid came softly in to tell her her bath was ready. She motioned her stiffly away with her hand. Mechanically she picked up her next letter and read in a husky whisper:

Dear Duchess,—I hope you have been able to match the diamond brooches I lent you last Thursday, and I am so flattered that you wanted to have the design copied out if you could not obtain something similar. Would it put you to great inconvenience if you posted them to me by Friday, as I am anxious to wear them that night? With kindest regards.—Yours sincerely, Mary F. Tims.

Yes, she could hear the noise of the passing cabs and taxis all right, but it seemed to come from some great, great distance. There was still one more letter. She didn't know the handwriting, and the paper smelt of cheap scent. But there was a postmark—of course, all letters had postmarks! She sounded the letters slowly as she turned it gradually round in her hand. M-E-R-T-O-N. She'd read it now—she'd have to read it some time. The sound of the tearing envelope seemed louder than a torrent in her ears:

Dear Duchess,—We were so delighted to have you with us on the 19th, and cannot express all we feel about your many kindnesses. But what touched us all most deeply was your kind offer to take the proceeds of the Bazaar to London with you and bank it for us, because we all felt so nervous of the responsibility of keeping such a large sum over-night. As secretary and treasurer of the Merton Mothers' Monday Mornings, I would be glad of your cheque for the amount, £143 8*s.* 7*d.*, at your earliest convenience.—Yours in all sincerity, Amy Asmod-Lee

It was a very bright spring morning, but, somehow, her Grace Augusta, Duchess of Bayswater, couldn't see the sun.

Archibald Sullivan

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

For bays and laurels fools aspire,
  And princes strive for pomp and pow'r—
Unto each man his dear desire,
  Unto each man his hour!
For me the watchman's shrill halloo—
  The wild retreat—the ambuscade—
And lazy hours wherein to woo
  Some sweet-cheeked village maid.

Let caitiffs whine and parsons pray
  And pallid cravens preach the right;
Give me the single arm by day,
  And the flagon's foam by night!
There is no law in the commonweal
  Of the outcasts under the naked skies,
But only the pregnant sway of steel
  And the thraldom of bright eyes.

The horns may shrill upon the hill,
  And the King's men plough the heath—
Four steel-shod hoofs shall hammer still
  A challenge in their teeth!
For though the gallows groans for load
  And Newgate yawns unsatisfied,
I'll have your purse on the open road
  And a kiss of your lovely bride.

Lewis Hastings

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

(*Written and Illustrated by* LEONARD WILLOUGHBY)

No. XVI.—The Cottesmore

Barley Thorpe, Oakham, Residence of the Earl of Lonsdale

The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale Ready for the Meet

IT has been said that the history of the Cottesmore may be regarded as almost the history of fox-hunting. Early in the eighteenth century Thomas Noel wrote a book on foxhunting and the kind of hounds to breed for it. This Mr. Noel was of the family of which the Earl of Gainsborough is the representative. The fourth Earl hunted an immense territory, including parts of Leicestershire, Northants, Rutland, and Notts, hunting new ground each week. For sixty years the Noels hunted the country from Exton, up to the year 1786. About this time Sir William Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, who had been hunting a pack of his own hounds in the north, became attracted by the Noel country when visiting Melton. He quickly bought their hounds, as well as the rights of all their hunting grounds as they existed at that time—1788. Setting to work, in the thorough way so characteristic of the Lowthers, to form an establishment altogether different from anything ever seen before, he made Cottesmore his headquarters, some four miles from Oakham, and duly christened his hunt the Cottesmore.

From 1788 to 1802 he hunted the country in fine style. Politics and business caused him to resign in 1802, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote took over the management of affairs till 1806. After this Sir William Lowther—by now Earl of Lonsdale—returned to his beloved Hunt and reigned as its Master for another thirty-six years. Sir Richard Sutton followed Lord Lonsdale till 1847, and Mr. Henley Greaves continued

The Countess of Lonsdale with her Beagle Pack

These are practically miniature bloodhounds, and said to be descended from the pack the Prince Consort brought over and hunted

till 1852. Then came Sir John Trollope, afterwards Lord Kesteven, till 1870. He divided the country with Mr. Tailby, who hunted it his side of the Melton-Uppingham road. This country was restored in 1872. Colonel H. Lowther, afterwards third Earl of Lonsdale and father of the present Earl, was Master 1870-1876, and built the excellent kennels at Barley Thorpe. After his death his trustees sold his hounds to Mr. Gosling, who presented them to the Hunt. The fourth Earl of Lonsdale held office 1876-1878, and was followed by Lord Carrington 1878-1880. Then came Mr. Baird for twenty seasons and Mr. Evan Hanbury for seven. In 1907 a Lowther again reigned in Hugh Cecil, fifth Earl of Lonsdale, and has since then kept up an astounding establishment.

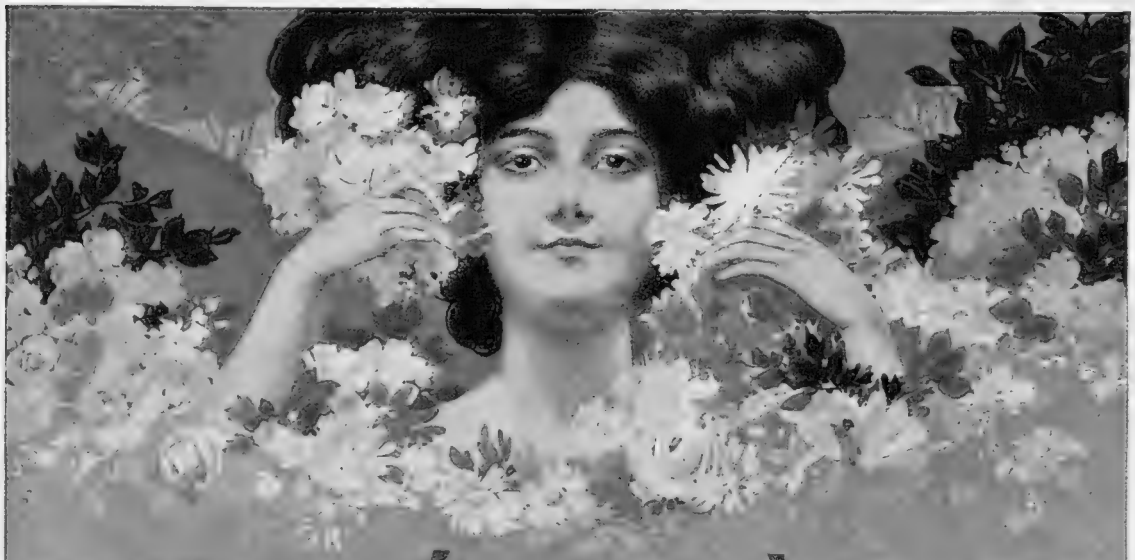
The Master of the Cottesmore (the Earl of Lonsdale)

The Earl of Lonsdale's Bitch Pack at Exercise

In addition to the kennels which were built in 1890, and which are some two miles north of Oakham, and situated on a site which fills one with amazement as to its selection, Lord Lonsdale keeps his own pack of hounds at Barley Thorpe, in the excellent, dry, healthy, commodious kennels which his father built and to which he has himself greatly added. He has now ample convenience here for eighty couple of hounds. As a matter of fact, his own pack consists of thirty-five and a half couple of hounds, of which six and a half couple are dogs. Lord Lonsdale purchased his hounds at Rugby Hound Sale, and these were formerly the property of Mr. Reginald Corbet, who hunted them in South Cheshire. To these were added some of the best bitches when Mr. Wroughton sold his own pack on giving up the Woodland Pytchley. The pack he thus has, and which he hunts himself two days a week, are a remarkably handsome lot, with excellent necks and shoulders, and plenty of bone. They are very straight, and show great quality, are nicely coloured, and real good-topped hounds all through. There is a good deal of Belvoir blood in the pack, and as a result they are as handsome a lot as can well be found in any kennel. This pack is Lord Lonsdale's private property, and is distinct from the Cottesmore kennelled some two miles away. These consist of forty-nine couple of hounds, standing some 24-24½in. They, too, have a considerable amount of Belvoir blood in them, as well as Warwickshire, Berkeley, Hertfordshire, and Mr. Wroughton's.

The Earl of Lonsdale's Stable-yard

The Countess of Lonsdale



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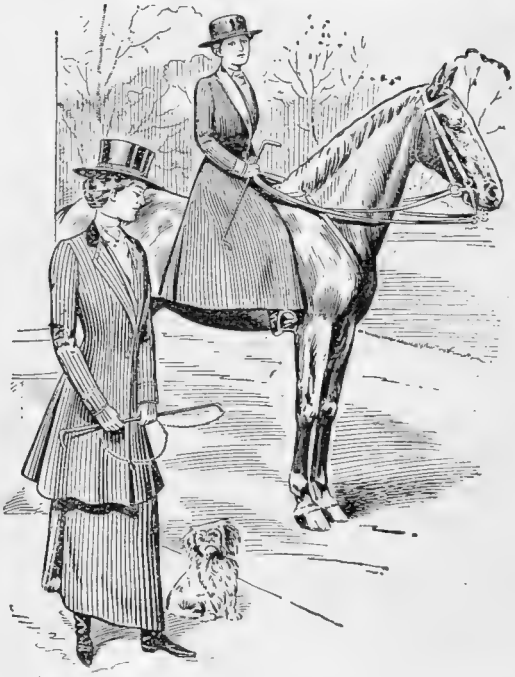

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

BADMINTON

Echoes of the Past Season

A survey of the Badminton season which has just come to an end reveals the fact that, as in lawn tennis, the *personnel* of the leading players has not undergone much change, and that only the chosen few who, in addition to a natural aptitude for the game, have sufficient leisure, keenness, and self-denial to keep themselves fairly fit, practice assiduously, and, in fact, work pretty well as hard at the game as if it were a profession, can hope to get to the top of the tree, or, having reached that eminence, to stay there. For badminton, as it is played nowadays, is not only a very skilful, but a very strenuous game, as is shown by the fact that there is a movement on foot to render the Single game less exhausting, though a complete solution of the difficulty involved remains to be discovered. Tournament play, moreover, is in itself very exacting, especially at meetings which are rushed through in the minimum amount of time; and where, owing to the luck of the draw and other causes, some players are harder worked than others, unexpected results occur which are often attributable more to fortune than to form. There were traces of this even at the Championship meeting itself, at which a couple of international matches were played off concurrently with the tournament itself, thereby throwing a strain upon some of the players which put them at a disadvantage when they encountered others who had been less busily occupied. From a spectacular point of view badminton leaves something to be desired, for there is not much variety of stroke apparent in it except to those who are thoroughly well versed in the tactics of the game. To the ordinary onlooker attack play consists almost entirely of hard smashing, and defensive play of persistent lobbing, the "drop-stroke," which is equally effective in finishing off an attack or in suddenly converting defence into attack, being the chief variant, while the occasions on which a player is absolutely beaten by having the shuttle placed (otherwise than by a drop) actually out of his reach are comparatively few. Generally he is beaten by the sheer pace, rather than the direction, of the return, or by "leaving" a return which he is able to reach under the impression (which turns out to be erroneous) that it will fall outside the court. Another unsatisfactory thing about the game is the difficulty sometimes experienced in getting satisfactory shuttles. There is no certainty that any two shuttles, even of the same make, and however carefully made, will fly alike; and, of course, the more expert the players are the more are they affected by these small, but irritating, incongruities. It seems to me that badminton will always labour under the disadvantage of being a game which has, by a process of evolution, become not only highly scientific, but also a test — perhaps almost too severe a test—of physical endurance, and yet at the same time a game which has no firmer basis of origin than the successful manipulation of a toy which was once seldom seen outside the confines of the nursery.

Max Decugis, the French Champion

Who has been doing the round of the Riviera lawn tennis tournaments (for the first time in the course of his career) with conspicuous success. The photo shows him smashing a ball in the course of his match with M. J. G. Ritchie for the Championship of Cannes on the courts of the Hotel Beau Site

M. J. G. Ritchie, Decugis' Chief Opponent on the Riviera

In their match for the Championship of Cannes (during which the above photos were taken), Decugis retired in Ritchie's favour when leading by two sets to one. In a previous encounter Ritchie gave Decugis a "walk over" when he fell and strained his ankle, so that the Frenchman on this occasion was possibly performing a graceful act of reparation

GOLF

The Rubber-Cored Ball and Its Influence on Courses

Ever since the rubber-cored ball was introduced, owing to the ingenious invention of one of our American cousins, the game has been going through a period of evolution. We have not yet reached a position of stable equilibrium, but I am in hopes that we are approaching that desirable consummation. At first the cry went up that the game had been ruined. Everything had been made so easy that the veriest duffer could now compass a "scratch" game. To be sure, putting and approaching were supposed to be more difficult, but this was a small matter as compared with the extraordinary ease and length of the tee shot and the long game in general. But when it was seen how well the short game was managed by Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Fry in the final of the 1902 Amateur Championship, when these two protagonists were the pioneers among amateurs in the use of the new ball, it

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was recognised that the short game would present no particular difficulties even with the lively newcomer. But the added length, which was considerably exaggerated by lively imaginations face to face with a somewhat unknown quantity, remained to be dealt with. Then the golf architect became rampant in the land. No course was of the proper length. The old bunkers were all in the wrong position. Confusion reigned supreme. Committees of clubs, harried by their members and confronted by the lowering of all the records of their courses, gave themselves up to a debauch of reconstruction. The wing-bunker mania came to the fore and ran riot. Straightness must always be rewarded. Hooking and slicing must be severely punished. So we came to the era of the dull course which provided a more or less smooth fair-way from tee to green with plenty of terrors to the right and left, but nothing to carry if one kept on a bee-line from tee to hole. After a bit the soul of the old golfer, and even of some of the moderns, revolted. It was found that the game was becoming portentously solemn and dull. Gradually a return to saner methods took place and hazards began to resume their old-time place and function as obstacles which had not only to be avoided but also in many cases to be crossed and carried. Lately I was conversing with one of the most famous golfers of his day, who was playing an important match over one of the latest park courses. I ventured with diffidence to moot the idea that the absence of "carrying" hazards either from tee or through the green made golf a very dull business. To my surprise and pleasure the great man expressed his hearty agreement, and said that the wing-bunker, to the utter exclusion of the cross-hazard, had been very much overdone. After all, whacking along up an avenue throughout the round is a very tiresome affair.

France v. Ireland: A Break Away by France

The advance made by French Rugby footballers this year has been shown by the results of their International matches with British sides, who no longer overrun them as they once did. On Easter Monday at Parc des Princes they only lost to Ireland by a margin of 5 points (a goal and a try to a try) after a strenuous, though somewhat uneventful, game

A Return to the Old Ideals

I am glad to think that the best opinion is coming back to the old ideals, those which we find in their best and most natural expression in the old course at St. Andrews. There we have a beautiful admixture of hazards which have to be avoided and hazards which must be carried. At each hole the player is confronted with a fresh problem, according to the wind prevailing at the moment. Here again in the matter of wind problems we have come to recognise that hazards are not so much wrongly placed as tees. The judicious committee or greenkeeper has for each hole such a variety of tees that every condition of wind can be coped with. The one hazard which has become an abomination is the cross-hazard just short of the green, infamous examples of which were those at the thirteenth and fourteenth holes at Sandwich, which have now been adjusted to modern conditions. But apart from those there is really no cross-hazard which cannot be made proper in point of place by the position of the tee. I do not wish it to be supposed that I am in favour of that uniform variety of cross-hazard course which the late Tom Dunn scattered far and wide in old days. But the cross-hazard in moderation, and properly constructed, is a distinct addition to the variety and interest of the game. Pot-bunkers have no need of friends. They abound everywhere, and are admirable features on a course. Another excellent modern-old idea is the hillock as a hazard, the most famous example of which occurs just short of the green at the fourth hole on the old course at St. Andrews. I was glad to see at Stoke Park that Mr Colt had used the stuff taken out of the pot bunkers for the erection of some of these admirable little raised hazards, which add enormously to the interest of a hole. To sum up. We are reaching at last a true knowledge of the rubber-cored ball and the proper adjustment of our courses to it. Length is recognised not to be the "all-in-all," but variety in hazards, smaller and better guarded greens.

The St. Andrews of Buenos Ayres

Although golf has been played steadily at Buenos Ayres for about twenty years it was only comparatively recently that the principal club was able to establish a permanent home of its own at a place appropriately christened San Andrés, which can be reached in twenty-five minutes by rail from the capital. The course of eighteen holes is a long one and thoroughly sporting, and the club-house depicted above is very comfortable. Golfing visitors to the Argentine are recommended to take their clubs along, for they will always find a welcome at San Andrés

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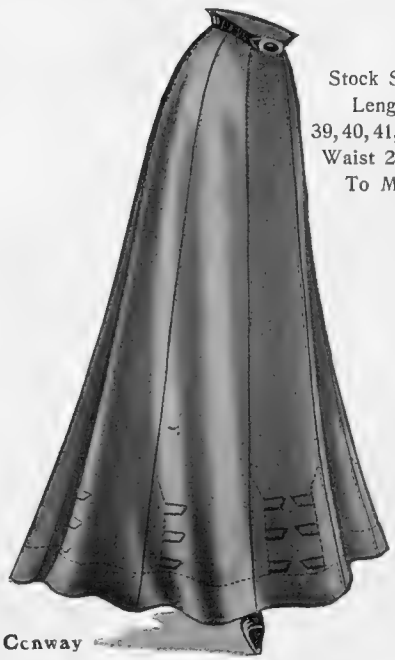

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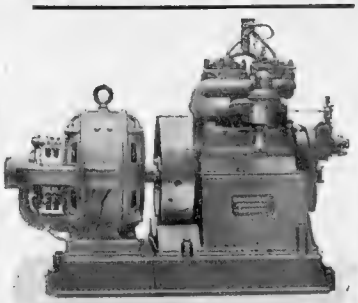

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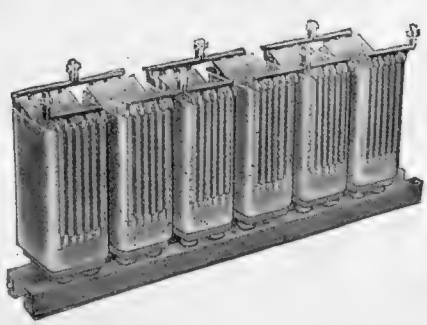

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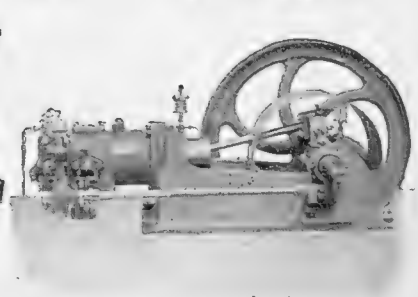

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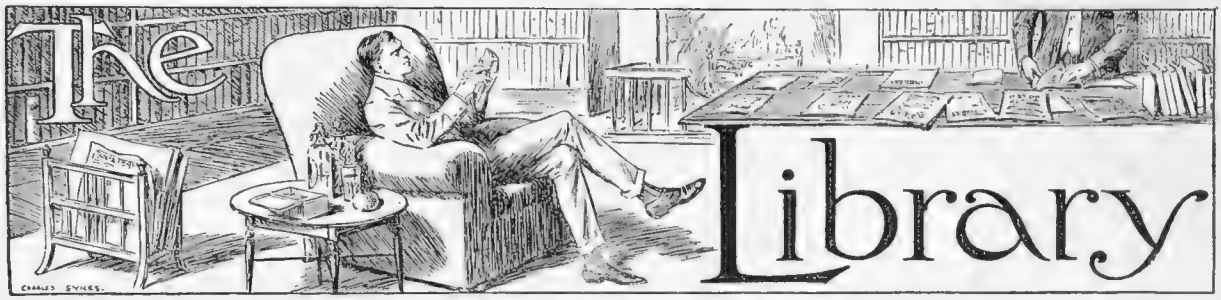

A Victim of the Library Censor

Half in Earnest, by Muriel Hine, published this week by Mr. Lane (6*s.*), has, I believe, a slight past. It enjoys the new and enviable distinction of having been refused by several leading libraries on the plea of its being "immoral." Well, well! That word, in these broad-minded days, if not so blessed as Mesopotamia, is quite as archaic. What on earth does it mean? If it is to be applied to Miss Hine's book, it means that—well, here is the story briefly:

Woman, childless, with elderly, indifferent husband, is sojourning alone in Italy. Young man turns up. Love—at first platonic, then ——. In due course a consequence indicates itself. Ructions. Husband suspects, but the wrong man. A little trouble, but a satisfactory ending, for the wrong man, though not guilty, is a true lover, whereas the right man, selfish and fickle, is left ashore while the true lovers betake themselves across the sea to Paradise.

This plot suggests a plain, average story of a kind which is to be read any day of the week in the divorce reports, and is, therefore, an accurate record of a plausible occurrence. To rule it out as "immoral" is to interfere in the grossest possible way with the true rights and liberties of the author. It may be thought that, though the plot is innocuous, perhaps the manner of its relation is objectionable. In my opinion, for what it is worth, Miss Hine has not penned one line that offends the delicate susceptibilities of any man or woman of adult years. I daresay the "girl of fifteen" might gather from it information not hitherto vouchsafed by her parents, but I do not see why authors as a whole should be punished for criminal negligence of parents in withholding from children of reasonable age the first truths of nature. If fifteen is the magic and critical age, let parents, as a class, either forbid their children to read any novels not first approved by them, just as they forbid them to smoke, use profane language, or consume whiskey-and-soda, or personally instruct them in the first principles of natural history and leave them to read what they like and chance the consequences. To regulate literature by the taste of children means in the long run that we shall have either to stop literature or stop children—or both.

Photograph] **Miss Muriel Hine** [*Lafayette*

Whose book, "Half in Earnest" (Lane: 6*s.*), has been refused by several leading libraries

A Fine Romance

To those in search of a really absorbing romance I commend *Storm and Treasure,* by H. C. Bailey (Methuen: 6*s.*). It is a thrilling story of the revolt of La Vendée against the Revolution. Just how M. le Vicomte de Jan is hoodwinked by the Republicans to cross over from England to France under the impression that he is to lead the Vendéens; how he is rescued from a very awkward situation by his guardian angel, the English Mr. Wild; and how he attracts the love of two beautiful women of very opposite types, is skilfully set forth by the author. It is a thrilling story without being too sensational and melodramatic. The incidents are not forced, they are historical, and the telling reveals a close knowledge of those turbulent times. The characterisation is wonderfully clever in every instance, the portrayal of Mr. Wild being quite masterly. There is, too, something very attractive in the two women, Lucile and Mlle. Barsac. Altogether an admirable book.

Music-Hall Life

Calico Jack, by Horace W. C. Newte (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*), is a delightfully entertaining story of music-hall life in the lower ranks. Mr. Newte has depicted many aspects of it with considerable truth, and not a little humour pervades the whole book. For instance, miserable, always hard-up Hastings Batty is a truly humorous character. He cannot speak distinctly without an artificial roof to his mouth, so his colleagues bought him a gold one. He promptly pawned it, and the next time they procure him a vulcanite one. Fish and chips, wrapped up in newspaper, according to the author, appears to be the staple diet of these people, and this in itself goes to prove that his characters are selected from the very lowest rung of the professional ladder. Of course, we are introduced to the seamy side of the life as well, but the bitter is discreetly blended with the sweet. Our hero is an educated man, who, on his beam ends, and being very much in love without the means to marry, determines to try his luck on the music-hall stage. Just how far he succeeds and what ups and downs he meets with are for the reader himself to learn.

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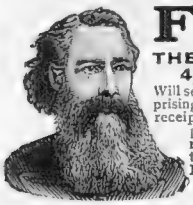

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'MELTONIAN' BOOT POLISHES,

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MELTONIAN BLACKING,
MELTONIAN PASTE,
MELTONIAN CREAM,
LUTETIAN CREAM,
NONPAREIL DE GUICHE, &c.

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If any difficulty in obtaining, please write for name of nearest retailer to—

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SYKES-JOSEPHINE'S
NEW WAIST-LINE CORSET

is the ideal of perfection. The contour is graceful, the fashioning elegant, and the build on anatomical principles.

Particulars and Prices on application to

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TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure,** in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,** Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this paper.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

MR. SANDOW'S OFFER TO OUR READERS

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS WHEREBY READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER" MAY OBTAIN MR. SANDOW'S ADVICE ON THEIR HEALTH

Most readers of "The Bystander" are familiar with the name of Mr. Eugen Sandow and his work of curing illness solely by means of scientific physical exercise, and without the use of medicine. Arrangements have been made whereby all readers of this paper who desire Mr. Sandow's personal advice on the suitability of their illness or complaint for exercise treatment may obtain same at no expense to themselves and no obligation to adopt the treatment. They may either call personally at the Sandow Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., mentioning the name of this paper as their introduction, or write direct, giving particulars of their condition. For their further assistance and guidance Mr. Sandow places at their disposal the pocket volumes of his Health Library referred to on this page, any one of which they select will be forwarded free of charge and post free.

EUGEN SANDOW, whose career from the first moment he burst into public notice has been one continued progress of ever-increasing successes, is, as probably every reader of THE BYSTANDER knows, the founder of the science of curing illness by entirely natural means. He claims to have proved beyond dispute that from within the body, without requiring any external help, we, every one of us, have the power of combating and overcoming very many forms of illness from which mankind and womankind suffer.

The extraordinary success which has followed his introduction of scientific exercise treatment for this purpose has caused people from all over the world to consult him for their troubles.

* * *

DAY by day the fame of what Mr. Sandow is accomplishing with the exercise cure is spreading; therefore it is particularly gratifying to be able to convey to our readers particulars of an arrangement by means of which every reader who is either ill or out of condition of perfect health, or not so well physically developed as he or she would like to be, may either call at the Sandow Institute or write to Mr. Sandow, telling him what the trouble is, and he will—without charge—consider each case, and give an opinion as to whether his marvellous new natural treatment would be likely to bring about a cure.

* * *

IT must not be thought that what is called the scientific exercise treatment is a severe and trying form of cure; there are no weights to lift, no strains to be undergone. Children, women at all periods of their lives, men of thirty, fifty, seventy, eighty or more years, can all find in Mr. Sandow's advice a means of regaining lost health, and very often obtaining glorious, vigorous vitality for the first time in their lives. Men and women who, owing to sedentary occupations, are becoming too stout can learn from Mr. Sandow how to naturally dispose of and eliminate from their bodies not only the fat, but the causes which create it, so that they subsequently avoid a repetition of the trouble. Lady readers who suffer from curvature of the spine or other skeletal deformities can, without the use of instruments, gradually and thoroughly and pleasantly bring their bodies to as perfect a state as their at present more fortunate sisters enjoy.

* * *

THAT large class of readers who suffer from asthma, catarrh, and other chest complaints can strengthen their chests and the organs of their bodies until these troubles become a thing of the past. It is probably not too much to say that five out of every ten people have at some time or another suffered from influenza, and at least nine out of ten who have had this complaint have emerged from the attack with some injurious after-effect—a general weakness or a local special weakness. It is, therefore, particularly comforting to know that Mr. Sandow has conclusively proved that his method of curative exercises not only renders those who have previously been liable to attacks of influenza immune in the future, but that it removes the dangerous after-effects and builds up the sufferer's constitution to a state of general soundness previously unknown. For this reason alone, no doubt, many readers will take advantage of this arrangement. There must be hundreds of THE BYSTANDER readers who belong to the class who, through irregularity of the functions have become dyspeptic, troubled with indigestion, constipation, insomnia, or palpitation, can now find that each and every one of these conditions is thoroughly cured by Mr. Sandow's method.

MR. EUGEN SANDOW AND HIS LONDON HEADQUARTERS

For twenty years Mr. Sandow has been urging the importance of scientific exercise as a means of curing certain illnesses, and official investigations into thousands of cases prove that the Sandow Treatment benefits 99 in every 100, and completely cures 94 in every 100 patients

* * *

IN the report which *Truth* published recently, after investigating thousands of cases of people who had consulted Mr. Sandow, it is vouched for that Mr. Sandow was successful in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases in doing good for the sufferer, and in no fewer than ninety-four out of every hundred brought about a complete achievement of the object for which he had been consulted.

The Titles of the Booklets in the Sandow Health Library, for which application is invited, are:—

Vol. Fully Illustrated.	Vol. Fully Illustrated.	Vol. Fully Illustrated.
1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.	10. Rheumatism and Gout.	17. Circulatory Disorders.
2. Constipation and its Cure.	11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.	18. Skin Disorders.
3. Liver Troubles.	12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.	19. Physical Development for Men.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.	13. Lack of Vigour.	20. Everyday Health.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.	14. Physical Deformities in Men.	21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
6. Obesity in Men.	15. Physical Deformities in Women.	22. Figure Culture for Women.
7. Obesity in Women.	16. Functional Defects in Speech.	23. Insomnia.
8. Heart Affections.		24. Neurasthenia.
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.		

Select the volume that deals with the ailment suffered from the above list, and write to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James' Street, S.W., mentioning "The Bystander," and giving particulars of your condition, and you will receive a copy post free and without charge, together with a candid opinion.

"ACROSTICATURES"

A Special Offer This Week!

£5 FOR THE BEST ATTEMPT ON THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

This week we are asking for an Acrostic on only one person. But when his name is found to be Lloyd George, thousands of pens will, no doubt, set to work. Instead of four single guinea prizes, we offer for the best acrostic on his name **FIVE POUNDS.** Write your Acrostic below, tear out this page and address your attempt as before to the "Acrosticature" Editor, "The Bystander" Office, Tallis Street, E.C. It must arrive not later than first post on April 12.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

L_____

L_____

O_____

Y_____

D_____

G_____

E_____

O_____

R_____

G_____

E_____

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

Prizes of One Guinea each have been awarded to the following entries for our Competition of March 23.

(1). Mr. E. C. N. PALMER, 2, Porchester Square, W. (Name ROBEY):
Rather **O**nerous **B**usiness **E**verlastingly **Y**arning!

(2). Mr. A. HATCHARD, 55, Campden House Road, Kensington. (Name BIRRELL):
Bitterly **I** **R**egret **R**elinquishing **E**arly **L**ove—**L**iterature

(3). Mrs. M. MONTEFIORE, 87, Delaware Mansions, Maida Vale, W. (Name BOURCHIER):
Brusque **O**f **U**tterance, **R**emarkably **C**lever, **H**e **I**mitates **E**motions **R**ealistically

(4). Mrs. C. HOPE, Hatfield-Peveril, Essex. (Name LAUDER):
London **A**ppreciates **U**nique **D**itties—**E**verybody **R**oars

SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE FOR A NEW AND INTERESTING OFFER.

CONTINENTAL TYRES

"Best Thing on Wheels"

IMPROVED 1910 TYPE.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

Bar Ironworks and Motor Works, York,
24th March, 1910.

Messrs. Continental Tyre Co., Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

It will no doubt interest you to know how highly satisfied we are with CONTINENTAL TYRES. After having had a lot of trouble with other makes, we decided in July to give your tyres a trial on our 40 h.p. Belsize (Double Landaulette Body) and fitted a set of 880 × 120 Square Treads. These tyres did 6,000 miles back and front; we then had them retreaded by you, and they are still running on the same car. They did one journey in Cornwall, 1,200 miles, and were never touched once. We since decided to fit our two other 40 h.p. Limousine Belsize and one 24 h.p. Belsize with CONTINENTALS, and they are doing equally well and not giving the slightest trouble.

We think it is only fair to give credit where credit is due, more so in face of our past trouble with other makes.

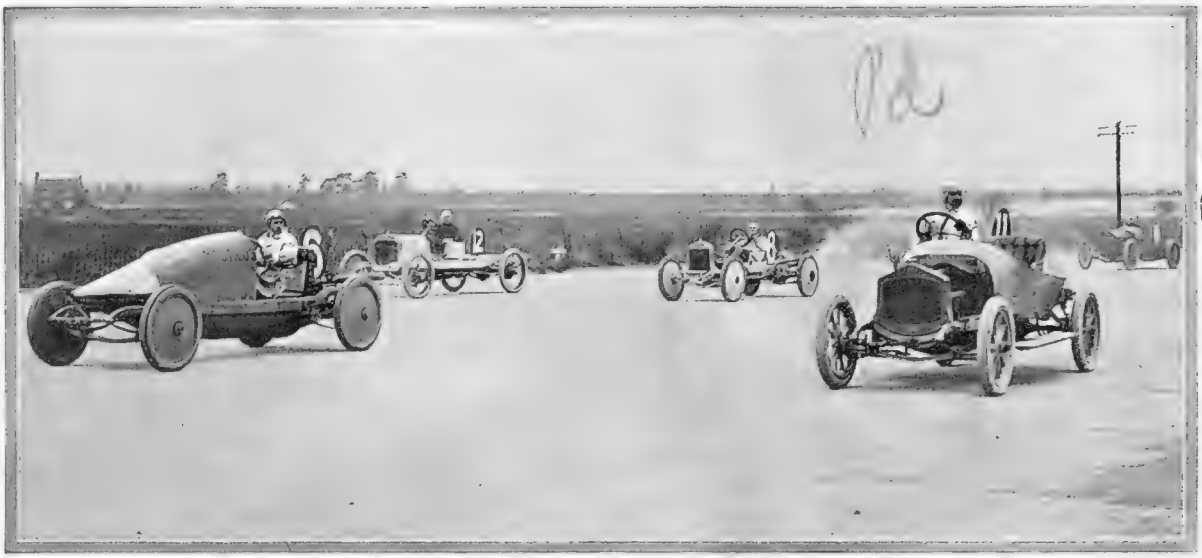
Yours faithfully,
JOHN BOUSFIELD.

Read our Booklet

concerning the latest type Rubber,
Non-Skid Improved Motor-Cycle Tyre,
Free on request.

CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain) Ltd., 102-108, Clerkenwell Rd, London, E.C.

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY



The Easter Monday Meeting at Brooklands

The cars on their way to take up their positions for the start of the March Handicap, which was the fourth race

Signs of Change

Time was when a happening such as the collision between Mr. Turnbull's 35 h.-p. Berliet and Mr. Farquharson's 20 h.-p. Mercédès during the Easter meeting at Brooklands would have filled the correspondence (and sometimes the leader) columns of newspapers for weeks. The attention of the authorities would have been invoked in finely declamatory periods, and much outcry raised upon the need for such rigid regulations as would guarantee the public safety on the road against the alleged speed mania of "murderous" motorists, to use the polite alliteration of the day. Now, although the accident referred to might easily have had very serious consequences, it passed with as little notice as the fall of a horse at a Grand National jump. It is a sign that the automobile has entered into the general scheme of things. Yesterday, if a motor omnibus driver had the misfortune to knock down a pedestrian he was in imminent danger of the mob. To-day he is dealt with no more ungently than his neighbour. Demos himself, to the limit of his possibilty, is a motorist, and although in certain districts the entirely ridiculous speed-limit disc stands as a monument, not so much to vindictiveness as to lack of wisdom, and although in these and some other districts local cupidity (with police assistance) has strained the Motor-Car Act to replenish the local coffers, the mechanically propelled vehicle continues to challenge that form of horse haulage which has come down to us through the centuries—continues to challenge and continues to win. The populace has grown accustomed to the speedier movement, and official statistics have established the car as one of the safest things on wheels.

Flying at Cannes

Edmond on a Farman and de Riemsdyk on a Curtiss in full flight

On the Track

The Brooklands race-meeting referred to served several purposes. In the first place, it demonstrated that motor-racing has a considerable appeal for a "half-crown" public, and the size of the gathering was at once a gratification to the promoters and something of a refutation of certain lugubrious prophecies concerning the future of the track. In the second place, it offered proof that the British aviator, even with fairly favourable climatic conditions, is very much an undependable quantity. Brooklands can boast quite a little colony of potential flyers, but although two of the Humber machines (a biplane and a monoplane) made the adventure, the "ghost refused to walk." In truth, there seems no very encouraging prospect of Brooklands

offering those facilities of flight necessary to the present stage of development. A vast enough track for car work (almost too vast for spectacular effect), it is much too confined for aeroplanetics. The experimental aviator eats ground space in an amazing manner, and even where he has a clear run of four or five miles in any direction, he is for ever getting out of bounds. But that by the way. The meeting once again, and in the third place, produced for us two cars new to stripped racing, but already well known and of established parts on the road, and another, new to both road and track in England. The Sunbeam and the Vinot are in the first category; the Excelsior in the second.

The Bedford 18 h.-p. Baby Torpedo

The car is here seen climbing Liberton Brae, with the City of Edinboro' in the background, with the famous Rock and Arthur's Seat. This car is the one which made a remarkable engine non-stop run, under R.A.C. supervision, from London to Edinburgh on the night of February 27

Some Successes

The Eastmead Sunbeam, for example, has made a first-rate reputation for sturdy work both for itself and its "stable" in reliability trials — the most exhausting of all such public tests—and the Vinot is properly appreciated in private practice and in cab work. In the races Mr. Coatalen's Sunbeam, rated at 15.9 h.-p., with a queer cigar-shaped, wind-resisting body and a preposterous exhaust, did an average of 55½ m.p.h., and won the Raglan Cup (8¼ miles), but in the March Handicap it became somewhat embroiled in the smash between the Berliet and the Mercédès, and did not finish, although, until then, a hot favourite for a place. The Vinot (24.8 h.-p.), entered by Mr. Vlasto, won the Junior Handicap of 5¾ miles at a speed of 67½ m.p.h., and after cutting through the wreckage of the smash, chased the redoubtable Vauxhall home in the March Handicap (11 miles), losing by 5sec. only. As the Vauxhall did 81½ m.p.h., and the Vinot ran for three miles with a damaged wheel (which collapsed utterly just after passing the finishing line), the latter may take to itself several feathers and the grateful knowledge that its début was brilliant in its success. The Excelsior, which comes from the Continent, did nothing sensational, but gave several indications that it was likely to make its presence felt later. It is not, of course, affirmed that these performances are, necessarily, guarantees of the car's efficiency in the hands of the private owner. Success in track racing, or any other form of contest into which special preparation and tuning enters, offers no more than an introduction to the car's

A Motor Smash in India

Mr. W. Beardsell, of Madras, recently met with a serious accident while driving over Anderson's Bridge. As will be seen in the above photograph, the car went over the parapet and Mr. Beardsell was badly injured

Arguments are useless

unless substantiated by facts.

The fact that the Adler Cars have, time after time, proved themselves invincible for Reliability, Durability, Hill-climbing Power, Economy, and all-round Efficiency, is sufficient to commend them to all seeking the right Car.

The "MORGAN" Coachwork has a world-wide Reputation for Thoroughness of Construction, Elegance of Design, Style, Luxury, and Finish.

The New 12 h.p. Adler Chassis, fitted with the "MORGAN" Coachwork, makes the Ideal Car for Town and Country. Other New Models: 8, 15, 20, 30, 40 h.p.

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Sole Makers of the Cromwell Patent Folding Wind Screen. Manufacturers of the "Simplex Patent Extension" Self-Acting Cape Cart Hood.

MOTOR BODY SPECIALISTS & CARRIAGE BUILDERS.

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ADLER CARS.

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Represents probably the most consistent type in history.

Practically unchanged since Hannibal or Cæsar. Premier authority on "Auto-mobility."

Firm believer in "long service," and has strong objection to "re-tyring."

Most formidable customer on our books, being "sudden and quick in"—censure and economical of praise.

Demands precision and perfection—no less—and

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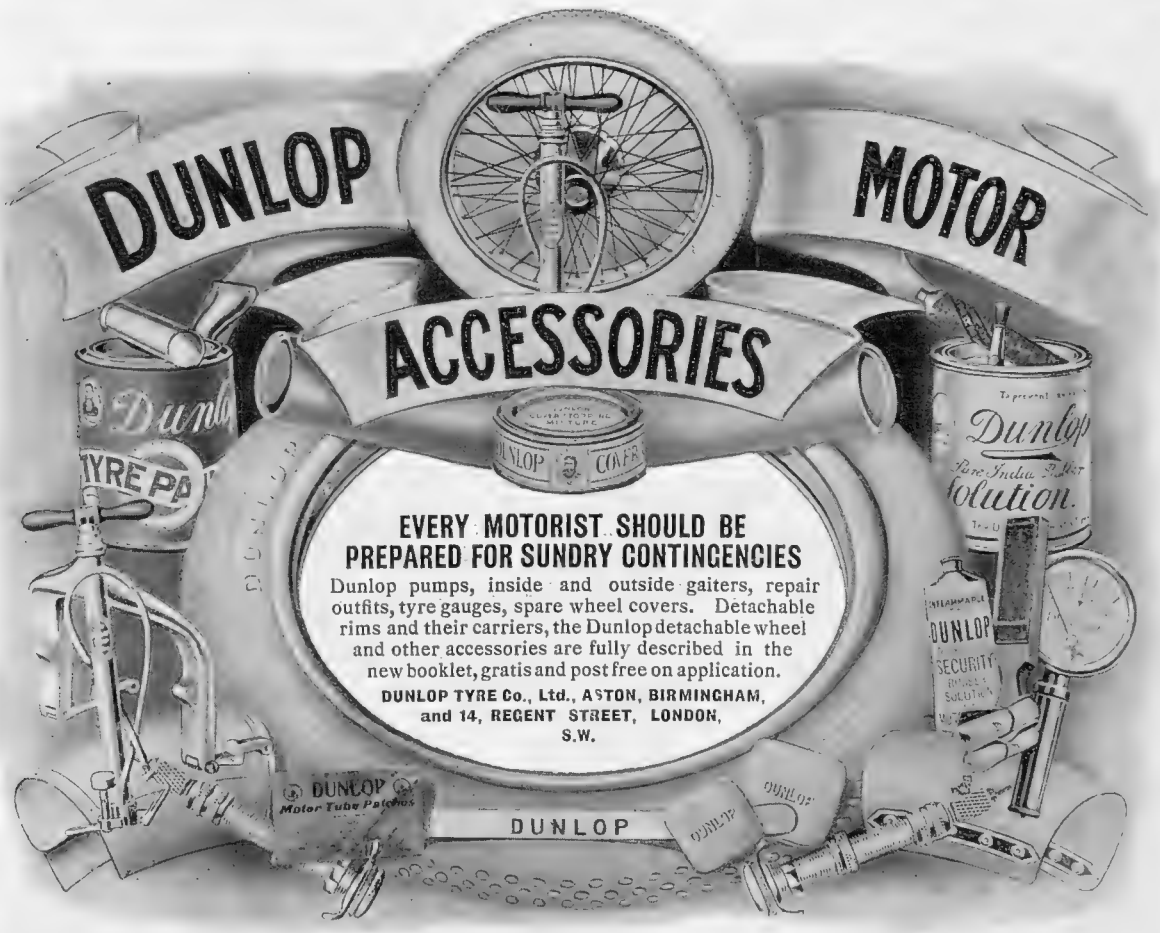
THE B. F. GOODRICH Co., Ltd., 7, SNOW HILL, E.C.



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SPENCER-MOULTON TYRE

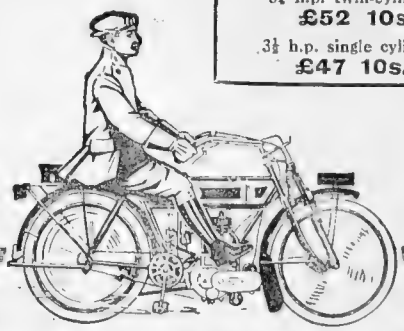
to be a tyre of real merit and absolute reliability

Particulars and Price List on application, or specimens may be seen at the Showrooms of Harvey, Frost and Company, 27, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Geo. Spencer, Moulton & Co., Ltd.
77-79, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Works: Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

3¼ h.p. twin-cylinder, **£52 10s.**
3½ h.p. single cylinder, **£47 10s.**



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The design is commonsense, simplicity is aimed at and secured, the convenience of the rider considered in every way. All parts are easily accessible, interchangeable, and few in number, while ball bearings are used wherever possible. Both the single and twin-cylinder are grand machines.

In a maiden trial of the A.C.U. a **Premier** machine scored **97 marks** out of a **possible 100**, defeating **45** competitors

Write to-day for Fine Art Catalogue.

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AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

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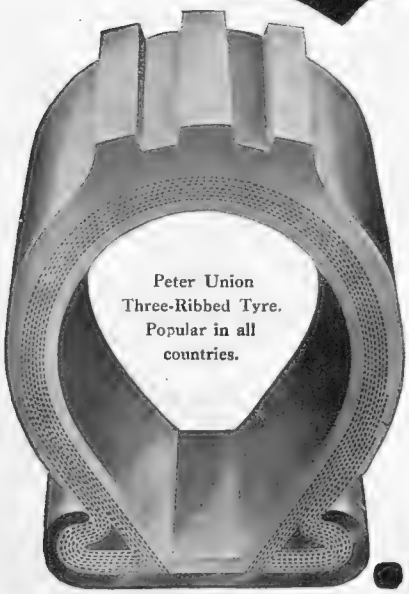

Peter Union Three-Ribbed Tyre. Popular in all countries.

IN FRONT AT THE OPENING of the 1910 SEASON

TOURING RUN:

Stockholm to Goeteborg (Sweden), February 20-23, 1910. The Cup of the Imperial Automobile Club, with testimonial for thorough reliability, was won by a 10-18 h.p. Opel Touring Car

FITTED WITH PETER UNION TYRES

According to a statement made by the winner of this long-distance run, the Peter Union Tyres fitted to his car were subjected to most severe tests on ice-bound and snowed-up roads. They proved themselves, however, to be

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD

Write for 1910 Catalogue.

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MELBOURNE:
235, Flinders Lane.
Telephone: 1217 City.
Telegrams: "Pneupeter, Melbourne."

The Bystander, April 6, 1910

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 331.—Vol. XXVI. Wednesday, April 6, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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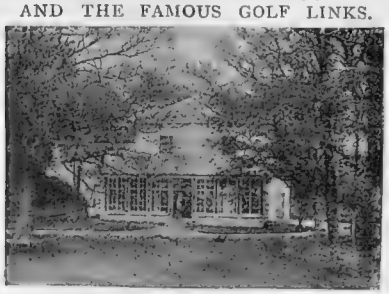

NORTH DEVON (equable climate, dry soil).—Substantially built old-fashioned RESIDENCE for SALE, in a high position facing South, and surrounded by beautifully timbered parklands of

OVER 8 ACRES,

with grand views over the bay. Long carriage drive. Spacious entrance hall, winter garden, 4 good reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices. 5 stalls, coach-house, and harness room. The grounds are especially charming, and include wide-spreading lawns, walled kitchen garden, flower beds, etc. Cottage and useful outbuildings. *Sporting of all kinds obtainable, and the neighbourhood abounds in antiquities.*—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, who have inspected and can recommend. Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Very fine views. Golf.

ON GLORIOUS HINDHEAD.

SURREY (REALLY CHARMING LITTLE PLACE).—Freehold PROPERTY of 40 acres in ring fence, the land facing South, and of extremely picturesque contour. Modern well-fitted House.

700FT. ABOVE SEA. GRAND VIEWS

to the South Downs Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms, balcony, conservatory. Stabling, small farmery. Grounds remarkable for well-grown yew hedges, grass terraces, croquet and tennis lawns. Orchard. Delightful woodlands and pasture-land. Splendid growth of ornamental timber. Low price.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HUNTING. GOLF. FISHING. YACHTING.

By Order of the Trustee in Bankruptcy.

HANTS (near BISHOP'S WALTHAM).—For SALE, old-fashioned, comfortably arranged HOUSE, occupying delightful position in heart of country Recently enlarged and redecorated. 9 bed, bath, lounge hall, billiard, and 3 fine reception rooms, 2 staircases, conservatory, and offices, with servants' hall. Stabling for 5; gardener's cottage. Good water supply. Splendid repair. Well-timbered grounds, umbrageous ornamental lawns, pretty woodland walks, shrubberies, and kitchen garden, in all over 2 acres.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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BANKS OF THE THAMES. ONLY £150 P. ANN.—A very choice RESIDENCE, occupying delightful position, with lovely grounds sloping to the river with private landing stage. 12 bedrooms. bath, principal and secondary staircases, billiard and 4 reception rooms, winter garden, and ample offices. Detached stabling, with living rooms over. Beautiful gardens of about 2 acres. Electric light, main drainage. Repaired and redecorated throughout.—Apply to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

£2,800 FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

20 MINUTES BY RAIL from the West End, near station, church, and village.—An attractive modern HOUSE, recently erected in the old half-timber Elizabethan style, very carefully planned and fitted, and containing some fine specimens of

OLD OAK PANELLING DOORS, ETC.,

removed from a Devonshire Priory. The gardens of about an acre are planned in keeping with the House, and include full-sized tennis lawn,

OLD ENGLISH GARDEN

with sundial. New motor garage and 3 rooms for man over. 3 good reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, fitted bathrooms, and cheerful offices; gas; Company's water and main drainage.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street. S.W.

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SURREY (under a mile from SURBITON STATION, with its excellent service of trains to Waterloo).—An artistic and well-appointed Freehold RESIDENCE for SALE, containing, on 2 floors only, 7 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, principal and secondary staircases, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, very good offices. Detached motor garage.

EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY GARDENS,

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GRAVEL SOIL. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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WIMBLEDON COMMON.—A rare opportunity occurs of acquiring Unfurnished a well-appointed, medium-sized, Modern RESIDENCE, within a stone's throw of this favourite Common. Hall, 2 reception, 8 bed, bath. Electric light and every convenience. Nice garden. — Apply HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£150 PER ANNUM

High ground. Deep gravel. Boating and fishing.

ESSEX (2 MILES FROM MAIN LINE STATION, and near an important market town).—Unfurnished, this very attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, commanding some of the best views in the county. Large hall, drawing room (29ft. by 15ft.), exclusive of bay (12ft. by 5ft.), dining (23ft. by 16ft.), morning room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), and complete offices. House heated throughout by hot water. Excellent stabling for 7, and coachman's quarters. Entrance lodge to carriage drive; laundry and numerous outbuildings.

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with tennis and croquet lawns, rosery, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 4 acres. Boathouse, etc. Hunting with 2 packs. Golf 4 miles.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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The Residence is surrounded by well-timbered grounds and is approached by a drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall with gallery, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. Stabling, garage, lodge, and cottages, etc.; the grounds are of great natural beauty, with terraced lawns, shrubberies, wilderness garden, etc., and park-like land, in all rather over 20 ACRES. Date of Auction, June 14 next.—Messrs. J. E. LICKFOLD and SONS, Solicitors, 57, Moorgate Street, E.C.; Auctioneers, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

NORTH WALES (in one of the most beautiful parts).—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer or longer, or might be SOLD, a compact ESTATE of about 600 ACRES, with the above artistic Residence, containing: lounge hall, drawing room (48ft. by 18ft.), 3 other reception rooms, all heated by hot water, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 5, coach-house, garage, 5 cottages.

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Charming grounds, waterfalls, rustic bridges, terraced gardens, tennis court, and 150 acres of woodland.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,622)

OXON AND BERKS BORDERS (occupying a high position in a picturesque village).—Furnished for the Summer, or might be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; electric light; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; terraced garden, tennis court, walled kitchen garden.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,621)

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ABOUT 2 HOURS FROM TOWN.

FOR SALE, a beautiful ELIZABETHAN MANSION, seated in a fine deer park of nearly 350 acres. Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 35 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; extensive stabling; electric light installed. Lovely old gardens and grounds with 3 sheets of ornamental water; golf course in park.—Photos, plan, and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

MESSRS.
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but will continue their Auction Sales of Pictures, Furniture, Jewellery, etc., at
9, CONDUIT STREET, W.,
until July next, when their new Auction Sale Rooms at 20, Hanover Sq. will be completed.

CANTERBURY (10 minutes' walk of two railway stations and within easy distance of seaside resorts on the Kent Coast and the famous golf links at Sandwich and Deal; hunting with three packs and trout fishing obtainable in the neighbourhood).—Valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as "ERSHAM HOUSE," well sheltered with fine trees and approached by a carriage drive. It is most substantially built, planned on two floors, and contains: billiard, 4 reception, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds, spacious lawn, shrubbery walks, and parklike meadow-land, in all nearly 12 ACRES, and possessing about 1,100ft. frontage in the best residential part of the city.

Messrs. COOPER and WACHER, in conjunction with Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, have received instructions to OFFER the above, by AUCTION, at the Mart, St. Margaret's Street, Canterbury, on Wednesday, May 4, 1910, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.—Particulars, plans, and conditions of sale may be obtained of Mr. R. M. MERCER, Solicitor, Canterbury; of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers, etc., 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; and of the Auctioneers, Messrs. COOPER and WACHER, Canterbury.

OXFORDSHIRE.
CLOSE TO BERKS BORDERS.
8½ ACRES MEADOWS AND OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, cleverly modernised without spoiling its character. Accommodation: lounge hall with old oak beams, drawing room, conservatory, dining room, library, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling and garage. Price, Freehold, £3,600.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

SURREY HILLS (400ft. above the sea, 10 minutes from station, and only 30 minutes of London).

NEAR EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE.

To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a picked position, with beautiful views over the surrounding country. Accommodation: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; Company's water.

Beautiful grounds of about 3 acres; racquet court lighted by electricity and heated.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,627)

By KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY.

SURREY HILLS (Harestone, Caterham, occupying a beautiful position over 500ft. above sea level).—A FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, ½ mile from Caterham station, 7 miles from Croydon and Redhill, 45 minutes from London.

The House, which is exceptionally well built and planned, contains: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; extensive stabling, coach-house, men's rooms, 3 cottages and farm-buildings, pleasure grounds, shrubberies, woodland, 2 tennis courts, rose and rock gardens, walled kitchen garden, pond; enclosures of rich meadow-land, in all about 32 ACRES; also 3 exceptional sites for country residences, extending to about 6 ACRES. Date of Auction, June 14.—Solicitors, Messrs. MERRIMANS and THIRLBY, 3, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BY KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY.

SURREY.—"ARNOLDS," HOLMWOOD (in one of the most beautiful parts of the county, 1 mile from Holmwood Station, 4 miles from Dorking, 8 miles from Horsham, and 28 miles from London).—The Residence occupies a fine situation commanding beautiful views: lounge hall, billiard, 4 fine reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and ample offices; electric light installed; heated by hot-water radiators; stabling for 6; lodge and 4 cottages; farmery, charming pleasure grounds, hard and grass tennis courts, shrubberies, roseries, large kitchen garden, and rich, well-watered meadow-land, in all about 68 ACRES.—Solicitors, Messrs. BROUGHTON, BROUGHTON and HOLT, 12, Great Marlborough Street, W.; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

GOOD COUNTRY HOUSE IN SMALL PARK.
HERTS. G.N.R. 2 MILES FROM STATION.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 46 acres. The House stands in a small but well-timbered park, approached by a long carriage drive, and contains: entrance and inner halls, 3 lofty reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, and ample offices; stabling for 4; delightful old-world pleasure grounds.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON GRAVEL SOIL.
UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.
FARMERY. 2 COTTAGES.

CHILTERN HILLS.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above well-appointed RESIDENCE, in perfect order. Accommodation: large lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception rooms, winter garden, 11 bedrooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; electric light; Company's water; National telephone; excellent stabling for 4, and men's room; 2 cottages; matured grounds of about 6 acres, full-sized sunk croquet lawn, and meadowland. There are a model dairy and farmery adjoining, with about 30 acres of grassland, which could probably be had by arrangement: hunting with the Old Berkeley Hounds.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

Telephones:
1505 MAYFAIR.
3645 GERRARD

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address:
"WALTONS, LONDON."

WALES (5 miles from ABERYSTWYTH).—THE NOMINAL RENT OF £100 PER ANNUM will be accepted for the above charming COUNTRY HOUSE and 400 acres of shooting; beautifully situated, 350ft. high, magnificent views of valley and mountain scenery; inexpensive grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and meadow-land, in all about 15 acres: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 spacious reception rooms, lounge hall, and offices; water supply by gravitation, modern drainage; stabling for 6, coach and motor-houses; carriage drive approach with entrance lodge; 2 miles from station.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,847)

NEWBURY (near).—Desirable small ESTATE of 77 ACRES for SALE, price £3,500. In a high and beautiful situation, with fine views over the Highclere Hills. Good farmhouse, buildings, 2 thatched cottages; 30 acres arable, 41 pasture, 4 woodland; small outgoings; property exceptionally well placed for the erection of a large house.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,464)

HERTS (near HITCHIN).—£2,500 only for a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 11 acres, with stabling for 7, 2 cottages, farmery, inexpensive well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and grassland: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; 2 miles from station; hunting, golf. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,589)

HANTS (near Andover).—£3,500 will PURCHASE a Bijou JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE with a FARM of 127 ACRES. Lovely part of the country; high and healthy, with good views. House in excellent order: 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; carriage drive approach; pleasure and kitchen gardens, meadow-land, farm-buildings, etc.; hunting with 3 packs: good shooting district. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,147)

NEWBURY (near).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned historical RESIDENCE, with modern comforts and improvements, and beautifully timbered but inexpensive grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, farmery, 2 picturesque lodges, and grandly timbered parkland, in all about 32 acres; a mile from a station, and 380ft. above sea; long carriage drive approach: 14 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 5 reception rooms; stabling for 6 horses, and 700 acres of shooting; acetylene gas; modern drainage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,139)

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.

THE ABOVE CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE (15 minutes from Harrow Station, in high but sheltered position, with magnificent views over the Chilterns) to be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, on moderate terms; private road approach; 1¼ acres grounds, tennis lawn, and vegetable garden: 9 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; Company's water; modern drainage; electric light.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,152)

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM THE CITY.
HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, from end of April to end of October, or by the year, an unusually charming and desirable RESIDENCE, most conveniently arranged, and completely fitted with every modern convenience. It contains a very fine hall (about 44ft. by 22ft.), 4 reception rooms, 19 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; there is stabling for 5, coach or motor-houses, coachman's and gardener's cottages; delightfully timbered, well-shaded pleasure grounds, productive kitchen gardens, and moderate amount of glass; water laid on, main drainage; first-class hunting with 2 packs; golf links near. A very moderate price or rent would be accepted for this choice Property.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,382)

£3,800 WILL PURCHASE this choice modern RESIDENCE, situated ½ HOUR BY RAIL FROM TOWN (South side). RURAL DISTRICT: billiard and 4 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing, 2 attics, bathroom; Company's water; main drainage; gas; pretty garden; 2 tennis lawns; 7 minutes from golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,804)

CHELMSFORD (2¼ miles from, with magnificent train service to, Town in 45 minutes).—For SALE AT A REDUCED PRICE, an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with pretty gardens, tennis lawn; stabling for 3 horses; in an old-fashioned village on gravel soil: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), panelled entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,224)

HERTS, BETWEEN ST. ALBANS AND HARPENDEN.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF SALE of an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE known as

"FLAMSTEADBURY,"

comprising some of the best agricultural land in the county, and including an exceedingly comfortable Family Residence, standing upwards of 400ft. above sea level, and eminently suitable for the occupation of a gentleman who is also interested in agricultural pursuits. There is an extensive farmstead designed and arranged on the most approved modern principles, and affording every accommodation for pedigree live stock. The Property also comprises a compact agricultural holding known as GREENLANDS FARM, with capital farmhouse and buildings. The Estate, which extends over about

745 ACRES,

affords excellent partridge and ground game shooting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION during the early summer unless previously sold privately.

Particulars of Messrs. GREENFIELD and CRACKNALL, Solicitors, 3, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

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IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY.
KINGSCLERE HOUSE, KINGSCLERE.
Contiguous to the Downs and within an easy motor drive of Newbury and Basingstoke.

THIS DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY comprises an area of about 17 ACRES, and includes a picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE (see view above), standing about 330ft. above sea level, in a sheltered position, amidst finely timbered parkland, and approached by 2 carriage drives with one lodge entrance. The House contains: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; exceptionally fine stabling for 9 horses; garage, farmery, and 2 cottages; ample water supply—no pumping; electric light; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds with ornamental water, glasshouses, etc. The whole Property is in faultless condition. About 2,000 acres of first-class shooting, and additional land now rented can be had if required. Golf 3 miles distant; trout fishing on property; hunting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 2 o'clock (if not sold previously).—Particulars of Messrs. HAMMOND and RICHARDS, Solicitors, 26, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

HERTS (St. Albans).—For SALE, capital COUNTRY HOUSE, 300ft. above sea, on gravel, with stabling for 3 horses, motor garage, coach-house, groom's room; charming garden and grounds of 8 acres: 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; a mile from Midland station. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,171)

HERTS (Harpenden).—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD, or LET, Furnished, a capital modern HOUSE, in secluded position, 300ft. above sea, with stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, etc.; good gardens and grounds of 6 acres: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; near golf and hunting; a mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,172)

SEVENOAKS AND WROTHAM (between).—£2,850 for a charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, 400ft. above sea, on dry sand, and commanding lovely views; long carriage drive approach, with lodge: 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling; well-timbered grounds of 4 acres, tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, and paddocks. Or would be LET, Unfurnished. 1½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,155)

AMIDST EXTENSIVE COMMON LAND (25 miles by road, 35 minutes by rail from London).—A choice little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY (illustrated above) to be SOLD: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; stabling, men's rooms, etc.; very pretty grounds, gardens, orchard, and meadow. Additional land if required.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (15,830)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

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WOKING (35 MINUTES OF WATERLOO). —TO BE SOLD, this well-built modern RESIDENCE, on high ground, commanding good views: 3 good reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; nice grounds with tennis lawn and ornamental lawn, etc.; electric light, gas, and main drainage. Price, £2,100, Freehold. —Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AUCTION IN MAY NEXT.
"THE REDOUBT," KINGSWEAR.
AMIDST THE FINEST SCENERY OF THE SOUTH HAMS.
OVERLOOKING DARTMOUTH HARBOUR AND START BAY.

SOUTH DEVON COAST (360ft. above sea level, on a southern slope).—For SALE, a UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE, in a grand situation and particularly appealing to a sea lover: 13 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms, billiard hall; stabling for 3; capital cottage.
SUB-TROPICAL GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.
—Messrs. ROSE, JOHNSON and HICKS, Solicitors, 9, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall; Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), Auctioneers, as above.

A GREAT BARGAIN.
OWNER HAVING PURCHASED ANOTHER PROPERTY.

£1,950. —**HERTS (Rickmansworth).**— An exceptionally attractive, well-built RESIDENCE, with every modern convenience: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS of 1 ACRE; tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

LOVELY DORKING.—An exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, "Ribblesdale," in exceedingly pretty grounds of over 1 ACRE; tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc.: 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall; entrance lodge; stabling for 6 horses.—For SALE privately, or by AUCTION, on May 24 next, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BY AUCTION IN MAY NEXT.

"HOLMWOOD," Four Elms, Edenbridge.—An exceptionally choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 40 ACRES,
in a lovely position, well away from road and motor dust: 4 reception, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and offices; STABLING FOR 12 HORSES, COTTAGES; exceedingly pretty well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, flower garden, orchard, lake, etc; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION ON MAY 2 NEXT.

BYFLEET, Surrey.—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built and most conveniently arranged Freehold RESIDENCE, under 1 mile from the station, SURROUNDED BY PRETTY PINE WOODS: square hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' sitting room, motor-house, greenhouse, EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS, full-sized tennis lawn, rose garden and pergola, kitchen garden, etc.; electric light throughout.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—For the Summer. This picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE, surrounded by charming grounds nearly 5 acres; 300ft. above sea: 6 bed, bath, 2 or 3 sitting rooms; within easy reach Maidenhead golf links.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,903)

RENT ONLY 8 GNS. PER WEEK.

BOULTER'S LOCK (near).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, in secluded garden; tennis lawn: 10 bed and dressing, bath, 4 sitting rooms; large garage; electric light, telephone, etc.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,911)

FAVOURITE BURNHAM BEECHES.—High in pretty grounds, within easy reach of GOLF AND RIVER: 13 bed and dressing, bath, 3 good reception rooms; stabling; well-timbered grounds; gravel soil. Rent only 13 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,920)

MAIDENHEAD AND HENLEY (between).—Charmingly situate on high ground, a well-furnished RESIDENCE to LET for 3 or 6 months: 3 reception, billiard, 16 bed, 2 baths; electric light, etc.; stabling; well-laid-out gardens and grounds with tennis and croquet lawns. Arrangements can be made for PARTRIDGE SHOOTING over 1,000 acres.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,921)

OVERLOOKING POLO GROUND (within 20 minutes of West End).—Well-furnished HOUSE, to LET for 3 months: 4 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; electric light, telephone, etc.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,952)

SUSSEX (commanding some of the finest views in the county, ½ mile of post, telegraph, and shops).—To be SOLD, a
RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE
of about 200 acres, with
OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE
in excellent repair, and with the following accommodation: lounge hall (24ft. by 12ft.), 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; there are about 10 acres wood, 50 acres arable, and the remainder good pasture; 2 cottages. Would be divided.—Apply, Box K 4,603, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

JERSEY (occupying a high position within a mile of the sea).—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a compact ESTATE of about 50 acres, with the above Mansion, facing South in a sheltered position in charming grounds. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard room, suite of reception rooms, 11 principal bedrooms, secondary bedrooms, etc.; ample stabling, farmery, and cottages; beautiful pleasure grounds, croquet lawn, tennis court, lake and rich old pasture-lands. The property carries with it the Seigneurial rights with the title of Seigneur of St. Johns.—Box K 4,623, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY.—Lady's sweet little old-fashioned COUNTRY COTTAGE, judiciously modernised and tastefully furnished, situated in nearly an acre of old-world garden, 3 miles from 2 main line stations, and under 1 mile of church and stores: 4 bedrooms, 2 sitting rooms, bathroom, etc.; pony stable. Rent, Furnished, £75 per annum, or Unfurnished, £42 per annum, with premium of £50, payable in instalments. More land and stabling available.—HALLETT and BALLARD, Agents, Horley. (Telephone, No. 13)

LANDED ESTATES, COUNTRY AND MARINE RESIDENCES, FARMS, etc., to be SOLD or LET. Specialists for Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall. All those seeking to Buy or Rent Properties of any description in the SOUTH-WESTERN OR SOUTHERN COUNTIES are invited to apply to BOSWELL AND WHITAKER, Estate Agents, Exeter, for the largest, carefully compiled, and only complete ILLUSTRATED REGISTER of its kind. Post free four stamps.

WALTON HEATH GOLF LINKS, overlooking and adjoining same.—Picturesque RESIDENCE, in grounds of 3 ACRES: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathrooms; stabling for 4, cottage.—Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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WITH WELL-WOODED GARDENS AND TENNIS COURTS IN HEALTHY COUNTRY AND RIVER DISTRICT NEAR WALTON AND HERSHAM STATION (L. AND S.W. RY.), 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

These Houses stand on gravel soil in district famous for its pine trees. Although so handy for London, it is not suburban. The proximity to the prettiest reaches of the River Thames in no way affect the health-giving properties of this district. Near the well-known Burhill Golf Links and within easy distance of other golf clubs. Artistic and well designed. Contains: charming living hall, pretty dining and drawing rooms, 6 bedrooms, good bathroom (2 w.c.'s and lavatories), excellent kitchen and other servants' offices; good cupboards, airing room, etc.; electric light, gas (if required), Company's water, main drainage; telephone facilities. Freehold, £1,250 (part can remain), or would LET to responsible tenant. Other houses will be erected to suit tenants' or purchasers' requirements. Exceptional opportunities for acquiring just what is desired.—Apply, F. N. RECKITT, Architect. "Crossway Lodge," Hersham Road, Walton-on-Thames. Telephone, 48 Walton.

Telephones: Victoria, 2560 (3 lines)

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TO BE LET OR SOLD, this charming GOTHIC RESIDENCE, occupying a picturesque situation and enjoying enchanting views. It is expensively fitted, a feature being the handsomely carved pitch-pine woodwork. Approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge. The accommodation comprises: fine entrance hall leading to inner hall, handsome staircase, elegant drawing room with stone arch and marble pilasters, boudoir, dining room with fine ceiling, library, ample offices, servants' hall, butler's pantry, laundry and ironing room. Above are 15 bed and dressing rooms, large room admirably adapted for billiard room, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 8 horses, coach-house, 2 rooms over; the grounds are beautifully timbered, ornamental plantations with banks of rhododendrons, through which winds a trout stream crossed by a rustic bridge, tennis lawn, etc.; fruit and vegetable gardens, vineries, peach-houses, etc.; shooting over 1,500 acres may be rented. Rent and price on application.
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,193)

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HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be LET, Furnished, an old-fashioned Sixteenth-Century RESIDENCE, situated in a well-timbered park at an elevation of 550ft. above sea level. The House, which faces South, has recently been redecorated, and contains: lounge hall, drawing room, smoking room, morning room, 2 staircases, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall; and usual domestic offices; the stabling includes 3 loose boxes, harness room, and coach-houses; the garden with tennis lawn extends to about 2 acres.
Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (E 1,314)

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"FORM FOR PARTICULARS."

IN THE HEART OF THE NEW FOREST.

HANTS.—For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished, this exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE.

Accommodation comprises: lounge hall with fireplace, 3 reception rooms, fine carved oak staircase, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 9 horses, 2 coach-houses, with men's rooms over, 2 cottages, etc.; the grounds of 8 acres are of a parklike nature; South aspect; gravel soil;

GOLF LINKS WITHIN ½ MILE;

hunting 6 days a week.
Price for Freehold, £7,000.
F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,016)

KENT.—To be SOLD, an exceptionally well and substantially built BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, occupying a picked spot of rare beauty and seclusion in "The Garden of England"; the property slopes away to the banks of the Medway, which affords excellent fishing and delightful boating; the accommodation includes: wainscotted hall, 2 lofty reception rooms (16ft. by 16ft.), 4 bedrooms (16ft. by 13ft.), bathroom, large kitchen, and usual offices; the garden is well laid out and extends to 2 acres. Price £875. Inspected and recommended.
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45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, the above prettily designed COTTAGE RESIDENCE, commanding splendid views, and situated in a small but charming garden; contains: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Rent moderate.
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HERTS (Rickmansworth).—FREEHOLD RESIDENCE for SALE, situated in this exceedingly healthy locality, on gravel soil, and with excellent train service to Town. Contains: lounge hall, 2 good reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, well-arranged domestic offices, and pleasant verandah; gas and water laid on; main drainage; the garden of about an acre is exceedingly pretty, and includes tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose arch, willow walk, etc.; near golf links. Price moderate.
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NEAR THE ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S LINKS.

THIS GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE for SALE.—Contains: tiled entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, servants' hall, etc.; gas and water laid on; modern drainage; stabling and small grounds; 2 miles from the Royal St. George's Golf Links at Sandwich. Price, only £4,000.
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MODERN HOUSE OF QUAINT DESIGN. TO BE LET, FURNISHED, OR SOLD.

SURREY.—This charming RESIDENCE, occupying an enviable position in 30 acres of parklike grounds, and containing: 11 bed and dressing rooms, and handsome reception rooms. Inspected and recommended.
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A TRULY MAGNIFICENT POSITION. 700FT. UP.

20 MILES ONLY FROM TOWN.—A charming old-fashioned GABLED RESIDENCE to be LET or SOLD. The House is in perfect order, and contains: 4 reception rooms, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. The CAPITAL STABLING comprises 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, large coach-house, 3 living rooms, etc.; numerous outbuildings; the beautiful old pleasure grounds are well timbered; the House can be taken with from 14 to 90 acres; electric light; Company's water; gravel and sandy soil; modern drainage.
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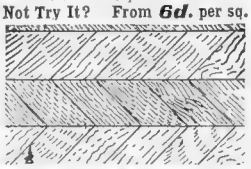

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There is a Lotus agent near you; write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for his address and style booklet.

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Deliciously Fragrant. Absolutely Pure. Suited to the most delicate skin.
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By special appointment to H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES and the late DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

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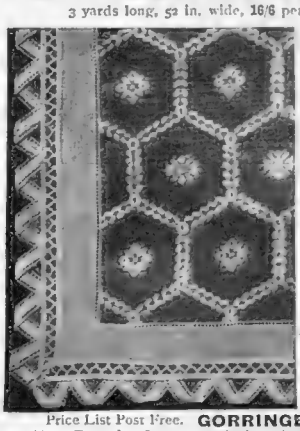

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probable quality under the stress of everyday conditions. Where, however, the confirmatory evidence of the private owner is also available, as in the particular cases of the Sunbeam and the Vinot, competitive performances may properly be taken as indicative of that general efficiency and power reserve for which the discriminative purchaser has always the eager eye.

A Good Test of Strength
The new "Challenge" Reinforced Tube blown to a pressure of 35lb. per square inch

Miscellanea

The testimony of authority to the properties of even the old form of "Challenge" Reinforced Tubes continues to arrive. Mr. E. Manville, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Chairman of the Daimler Company, writing on the 23rd ult., states that the tubes enabled him to obtain nearly 8,000 miles from the Pirelli tyres on the driving-wheels of his 35 h.-p. Daimler car, while the front covers are still running. He concludes that the distance on a car of this weight and power "is altogether beyond anything I have previously experienced or expected." And yet this was admittedly an embryonic form of tube! The new Reinforced Tube is, even on the present evidence available, a great improvement upon the old. The elastic insertion which spans the all-rubber portion that beds in the rim materially strengthens the weakest part of the tube without robbing it of resiliency, while the new form of construction on special mandrels makes it practically impossible for the most indifferent fitting to result in a "nip."

The principal of the gyroscope applied to the purpose of maintaining the lateral stability of an aeroplane in flight is said to be expressed in the device of M. Regnard recently before the Academy of Science. As M. Regnard is a French engineer, something may come of it. "Let's hope it mayn't be human gore." Any development, at any rate, is bound to be watched with keenest interest.

Mr. Chas. Jarrott has not long occupied the premises in which he opened as *aide* to all motordom after leaving the house of Jarrott and Letts. Pressure of business has forced him from the Fitzherbert-painted ceilings of 29, Sackville Street to the more prosaic, but more commodious 35, Sackville Street.

On 'Change, Daimlers have experienced a slight set-back, but display a tendency towards excellent recovery. However, to be in the list in excess of 56*s.* is a happy enough position in any case.

Repeat orders from W. and G. Du Cros for 350 15 h.-p. Napier four-cylinder engines for taxicabs is healthy evidence of the suitability of this design for rough work. The engine certainly plays an important part in the great popularity of the W. and G. cab.

The CLAUDEL-HOBSON CARBURETTOR fitted to a De Dion "put new life into the car, and increased power and speed." This is the only mechanically automatic Carburettor and the best.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

For and Against Box-Edging

The Dutch garden, like the Dutch man—at any rate, as he is usually represented on the stage—is the exact opposite of Euclid's line, for its most striking feature is breadth, without length. The shrubs there are kept short and solid, perfectly symmetrical in shape, and this is a task which cannot be hurried. Even the clipping of box-edging, which is still seen in many a picturesque old-fashioned garden, requires a good deal of time. It cannot well be done before spring, because a severe frost coming after the new growth had begun would certainly injure it, and the object should be to keep the buds dormant until it is safe for them to start; and the clipping must be repeated once or twice during the summer. That, no doubt, is one reason why box-edging has been cleared out of some gardens in which it formerly existed. Another objection sometimes brought against it is that it impoverishes the border alongside. But if it is properly managed it ought not to do so in any appreciable degree. If the roots are laid on the path side, and if every spring a sharp spade is passed along on the border side so as to cut any roots travelling into the soil there, there can be little, if any, impoverishment. A third objection is that box-edging harbours snails. It may be so; but for that very reason it helps the gardener to find and destroy them, for he knows at once where to look for them. One thing, however, is certain—box-edging is often much too high. It might sometimes almost be called a hedge, for it is so tall that it hides the flowers beyond. It should form merely a shallow rim to the border—a divisional line between the gravel and the soil. There is some danger in cutting it very hard back that the old wood may not start into growth. The danger will be lessened, if the weather is dry, by syringing frequently and so softening the outer skin and helping the buds to break.

Layering Shrubs

The beginning of April is the best time to propagate shrubs by means of layering. The operation is a very simple one. It consists merely in making an incision at a joint, pegging down the shoot with sufficient firmness to prevent its moving in the ground, and covering the wounded part with soil, which must be kept moist. It will be seen that a layer is really a cutting, which is fed by the parent plant until it can feed itself by means of roots of its own. When that stage is reached, it may be separated, taken up, and planted by itself. Sometimes, however, layering is useful for the purpose, not of obtaining young plants, but of increasing the vitality of an old one, especially a grafted one. Clematises are generally propagated in this way—by grafting—and it not infrequently happens that shoot after shoot, when in full growth, suddenly collapses, and the whole plant eventually dies. The trouble is supposed to be due to grafting, and in order to guard against it several shoots should be layered close to the original stem and allowed to root and grow there. For the same reason grafted roses should be planted below the graft, so that the scions may in time form roots of their own to supplement those of the stocks. H. C. DAVIDSON.

Messrs. Schultheis Brothers, of Steinfurth, Germany, are putting on the market a new rose which, by His Majesty's permission, they have called "Edward VII." They consider it a remarkably fine variety, and, as much of their trade is done with this country, it is likely to be conspicuous at the leading shows during the coming season.

By MRS. JACK MAY

TO-DAY our clothes amount to an abstruse study, an obsession that has little to do with reason and consistency. Women, quite nice, thinking women, who study the big questions of the day, such as the Poor Law, the housing of the poor, and even those who talk glibly on the distribution of property, exempt dress from their calculations. It has not yet occurred to them to divide up, or even lessen, their dress allowance. What is going to be done with that issue, should Radicalism come out top-dog, is still an undecided point.

Meanwhile the feminine world spends cheerfully and exhaustively, the problematical season demanding an entirely fresh supply of everything, from *coiffure* accessories to footgear.

The latter, by the way, promises to be a particularly formidable exaction. Stockings and shoes are now, in accordance with fashionable decrees, changed a dozen times a day, pathetic efforts to follow this ruling being made by those possessed of smaller incomes, or less easy consciences, through the medium of hosiery attuned to their gowns, accompanied by black shoes—a compromise, the doubtfulness of which is fading with familiarity. Almost one gets a shock, however, if other than sympathetic footgear is worn with evening dress. The one-time honoured black patent leather or beaded shoes have become a veritable eyesore, saving only when the accompanying dress is of sable hue.

Cleaning and Dyeing Brought to a Fine Art

King Sol has already intimated to us the necessity of putting our houses in order, the weak spot in our carpets and curtains standing forth relentlessly before his unswerving gaze. In days gone by it was impossible to wait until the eleventh hour, so to say, before putting into operation the renovating processes. And what a wearisome procedure it was, amateur efforts that, more frequently than not, did more harm than good.

Great is the change, however, that has come over the spirit of the spring cleaning dream of recent years, carpets, curtains, cushions, and even lamp and candle-shades being packed off *en bloc* to some such reliable firm as Messrs. Clark and Co., Hallcroft Road, Retford, who return these "Lares and Penates" in an incredibly short time, restored to all their pristine freshness. The Hallcroft Works are quite a feature at Retford, full instructions being given in an illustrated price list or catalogue as to the best and most expeditious way of sending packages by post or rail and the approximate cost.

A cursory glance through Messrs. Clark's price list will satisfy the most exigent, the firm reserving to themselves the right to use the dry or wet process with a view to obtaining the best results. Immense attention is accorded the cleaning, pressing, and also dyeing of gentlemen's clothing, garments coming up equal to new under the dry cleaning process. And of recent years to such perfection has the dyeing art been brought, Messrs. Clark clean or dye the heaviest Axminster carpets with the same facility they treat

A Beautiful Décoll Model

Visiting gown of *cashmere de soie* in the new absinthe-green, showing a novel form of embroidered skirt yoke, that is carried up on the corsage in the shape of a bib. The chemisette is of green chiffon over Alençon lace

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An Evening Coat in Venetian Cloth; all shades. Lined throughout with China Silk, and embroidered in self colours.

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This Model has been specially designed by the leading Parisian Corsetière to give an elegant figure, with the long slim lines over the hips necessary for the new fashions. While having extra depth below the waist, it is extremely comfortable, as the extension is formed of material only, the boning stopping short at the usual depth.

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also in White Broché Batiste .. 35/9.

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A little booklet showing the latest models sent post free.

Debenham & Freebody
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LINEN for the BEDROOM

Linen Sheeting and Bed Linen woven by hand or power in our Bann Factory has a world-wide reputation for its good wearing qualities. Made from the best flax yarns, and bleached on the green fields of Ulster.

Examples of Robinson & Cleaver's Linen Value.

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IRISH LINEN TOWELS (Hem-stitched), 24×41 in. Each **1/9½**

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TOILET PREPARATIONS.

3D in stamps, sent with name and address, will bring you, by return of post, a test jar of Pomeroy Skin Food and a Pomeroy Shampoo Powder.

Mrs. POMEROY Ltd., 29J, Old Bond St., London, W.

Pomeroy Skin Food is sold by Chemists, etc., at 1/6, 3/6 and 5/- a jar; the Pomeroy Shampoo Powders at 1/- a box containing seven Powders.

a piece of fine cloth. The prices, too, are quite incredibly small, a lightweight such as Brussels or tapestry costing only *6d.* per square foot to be cleaned, the heavier makes, such as Turkey or Wilton, coming out at *1s.* Only the few seem to have grasped the fact that carpets, faded or of a colour out of sympathy with some decorative scheme, can be dyed to perfection, and the charge for this at the Hallcroft Works costs only *3d.* the yard more than the ordinary cleaning rates.

Shoolbred's Tailor-Made Shirt

A very popular model, sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

Shoolbred's Tailor-Made Shirt

There is every prospect that after sixty years this historic production will still be making history. There is positively no upsetting its equilibrium, and faithfully with the advent of the spring and autumn does the energetic controller of the department emerge with yet more and more fabric attractions in its cause. The present leading novelty is Elektra cascade, a pure silk weave, in a long choice of colours, including hyacinth, mole, and *perle gris*. Shirts of this material, which washes with the customary amiability of silk, are built to order at *19s. 6d.*, a moderate price enough for pure silk. It is being generally intimated to Messrs. Shoolbred, however, that the demand for better-class fabrics for these tailored shirts is very much on the increase. There are some printed *foulards* particularly lovely and eminently of the moment, possessions of endless wear, and English bright silk, both plain and striped, also in useful and delicate colours.

Notable among the old favourites come Japleen, Queen's wear, and gauze cashmere, the last-named the coolest summer wear imaginable, and simply ideal for the Colonies. A popular fancy is a Shantung model at *16s. 6d.*, but the price is always merely a matter of material, the same unrivalled tailored treatment being accorded all the shirts, which are made in the men's department by men. A request for patterns is met by an almost overwhelming choice, each season, as has been said, having the stock added to.

It has been found convenient from time to time to make slight alterations in the cut and arrangement of the shirt itself, but the model produced last season has found such universal approval Messrs. Shoolbred have decided to let that stand. And how admirable it is may be gathered from the adjoined sketch.

The Menu : DAINTY DISHES

Sautéd Kidneys
Macaroni Mould
Stewed Calves' Liver
Bouchées de Pigeons
Ox-Tails with Haricot Beans

Sautéd Kidneys

Put the kidneys into boiling salted water for a few minutes, skin them, take out the core, and cut them in slices. Put 1oz. of butter in a pan and melt it, then fry a small shallot in this (cut up), put in the sliced kidneys, and fry for about five minutes, tossing them occasionally, then sprinkling in rather less than 1oz. of flour, and stir it all for three or four minutes longer over the fire; add one gill of good brown stock if at hand (water will do, but it is not so nice), stir it all until it boils, then simmer gently for ten minutes; serve on a wall of mashed potato, with the sauce round.

Macaroni Mould

Boil some macaroni until soft enough to handle but not to break, drain well. Butter a plain tin mould, and line it with the macaroni, starting from the centre of the bottom and going round and round in layers. Then fill up with some mince, to which has been added one egg yolk to each ½lb. of mince to bind it well; cover with a buttered paper, and steam for an hour for one pint mould. If liked, a lining of sausage or forcemeat may be placed next to the macaroni before putting in the mince, but care must be taken not to move the macaroni.

Stewed Calves' Liver

Cut a calf's liver into slices and fry brown. Put the slices into a stewpan with pepper, salt, and a chopped onion, and pour in very gently half a tumbler each of stock and wine, mixed together, and a bouquet of herbs, put on the lid and simmer slowly for two hours, or cook the same length of time in a casserole in the oven. Liver cooked in this way is really a very dainty dish, beautifully tender, and a delicious flavour. Thin rolls of bacon can be served as garnish if liked.

Bouchées de Pigeons

Remove the flesh from two wood-pigeons, pound in a mortar, and put through a wire sieve. Make a panada of two tablespoonfuls of flour, 1oz. of butter, and a little milk. When the panada is quite cold (it must be rather thick), mix it with the pigeon, add a gill of cream, and season well with pepper and salt. Have little flat ornamental moulds well greased and sprinkled with hard-boiled egg (grated) and a little fresh finely chopped parsley. Fill the moulds quite full, and steam for about half an hour. Serve in a silver dish, and pour round a thick white sauce, to which has been added a little of the pigeon stock, the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of cream, and a few chopped mushrooms.

Ox-Tails with Haricot Beans

Take two ox-tails (English ones), cut them into joints, soak them in salted water, put them on in cold water, boil up slowly, then strain and rinse well. Put two slices of lean ham in a stewpan, with two carrots, two onions, one shallot, one turnip, five cloves, ten peppercorns, a small blade of mace, and a bunch of herbs. Add the tails, cover with stock or water, and simmer for three hours. As soon as the small pieces are tender remove them, and let the larger cook another hour or so. Put them on a hot dish, strain and thicken the gravy, which should be free from grease, let it boil well, pour the sauce over, and serve with haricot beans or flageolets au beurre. EMILIA.

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ONE PRICE.
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Invaluable for Gout, Rheumatism, Eczema, Liver, Kidney, and all Troubles due to Internal Disorder.

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KARSWOOD CREOSOTE PASTILLES

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"I was very glad to see that notice has at length been taken of the treatment of phthisis and tubercular disease by Dr. Alabone's treatment. From personal observation of more than one case which was pronounced 'incurable' by well-known consultants, I can bear testimony to the very great relief and total disappearance of the disease."

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1/- per pot everywhere. Sample free, or box of Icilma Preparations for 3d. stamps. Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. 32), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

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THE ROSE OF THE SEASON.

So called by gracious permission of HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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SCHULTHEIS BROS., "The OLD Rose Gardens" at Steinfurth, near Bad-Nauheim, GERMANY.

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For Unionist Speakers

EDITED BY

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

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The Editor's Box

Racing Booklet

We have received a smartly got-up booklet containing full particulars of the terms of the widely known business conducted by Mr. D. M. Gant at 25, Conduit Street, W. We have carefully studied Mr. Gant's rules and instructions to clients, and they are as fair and reasonable as any racing man could desire. Indeed, Mr. Gant could not have built up the enormous business he now controls unless he had carefully considered the interests of his clients from the outset. In these days of severe competition in bookmaking, it is the main object of the Turf commission agent to retain the custom of those who do business with him, and not to frighten them away by arbitrary rules. Mr. Gant has "no limit" and deducts "no commission," and his business continues to prosper.

Special Night Service to Switzerland

In order to accommodate the increasing traffic to Switzerland, the South Eastern and Chatham Railway has arranged for a special express night service to Basle to run from Calais in connection with the Dover train leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. every Tuesday and Friday from April 1. The train from Calais to Basle will run by the direct route *via* Laon, and will be composed of first and second-class lavatory corridor carriages and a restaurant car. By this express service passengers from London will be able to reach Basle in fifteen hours, Lucerne and Zurich in seventeen hours, Berne in eighteen hours, Coire in twenty-two hours, and Milan in twenty-four hours.

Estate Sale

The sale of the Great Chitcombe Estate, Brede, in East Sussex, is announced by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The property extends to about 600 acres, with some first-rate pheasant coverts, and there is a good house with extremely pretty garden. This is the second time within two years that this estate has been sold by this firm.

P. and O. Extension to New Zealand

Beginning with the departure of the *Malwa* from London on December 31 last, an experimental programme of three direct monthly sailings to New Zealand was undertaken by the P. and O. Company in connection with their mail service to Australia. These departures were timed to give return sailings from Auckland at the season most favoured by homeward passengers, and when, therefore, the new service would be of the greatest convenience to the travelling public of New Zealand. The results have been so gratifying that the scheme may now be said to have passed the experimental stage, and it is announced that the Company intend in the ensuing autumn again to extend the voyages of certain of their new Australian mail steamers of the "M" class to Auckland. This will provide direct communication with New Zealand, *via* the Suez Canal, during both the outward and homeward seasons. Particulars of these sailings will be advertised at an early date.

Suburban Attractions

(*With Telephone Numbers*)

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington: *Brewster's Millions.* 85 Dalston.

BROADWAY, New Cross: *The Earl and the Girl.* 196 Deptford.

CORONET, Notting Hill: Italian Opera Season. 1273 Kens.

CRYSTAL PALACE: *The Girl from Kay's.*

FULHAM: *The Dairymaids.* 376 Kens.

GRAND, Croydon: *Sins of Society.* 12 Croydon.

KENNINGTON: Martin Harvey. 1003 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: *Charley's Aunt.* 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *A Country Girl.* 131 North.

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: *Eyes of the World.* 41 Battersea.

Karswood Creosote

A few drops of Karswood Creosote on the handkerchief during the day or on the pillow at night will immediately cure influenza, coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, etc. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles.—E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

"THE PREMIER FOOD" OF ITS CLASS.

This is what the "Medical Times" (June 26, 1909) says of

PLASMON OATS

The finest oats grown in Scotland, combined with Plasmon—no husk, no fibre, require only 4 minutes' boiling—

6d. per packet.

Sir J. C——, M.D., writes "They are SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT, and I have porridge made from them every morning."

PLASMON COCOA

The *Lancet* says "Plasmon increases the food value enormously." 9d. per tin.

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

"The Feeding of the Nations" (*Truth*) post free.

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The Best Way to make Cocoa

There are various ways of making a cup of cocoa—all more or less complicated and requiring special apparatus. With Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk a delicious cup of this most nourishing beverage can be made in a moment simply by adding hot water.

In the manufacture of a preparation of this kind great care and skill are required if the full rich flavour and fragrance of the cocoa are to be retained. Messrs. Savory and Moore's special process ensures this. Their Cocoa and Milk is a revelation to those who have not previously tried it. It combines excellent flavour and highly nourishing properties with extreme ease of digestion. Those who are unable to take tea, coffee, or ordinary cocoa can digest it with ease, and find it most sustaining. It is the ideal form of nourishment for those who suffer from weak digestion, or any of the complicated ailments ascribed to "nerves." Tins, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

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